

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 15, 1954

America's National Sports Weekly

35 CENTS

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**SPECIAL PREVIEW
AMERICA'S CUP
RACES**

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LEFT: Fabric: "ATTACHE," a blend of 70% Acrilan, 30% worsted by Milliken. In plaid combinations of brown & black; red & black; blue & black. (Sleeve S-M-L-XL, about \$18.95.
RIGHT: Fabric: Jersey of 100% Acrilan by Allen. In stripe combinations of red & basket's grey; white & basket's grey; brown heather & red. (Sleeve S-M-L, about \$2.99.

*Machine-washable warm-water setting through spin cycle. Dry in preheated dryer at low (140°-160°F.) temperature. No dryer? Tumble machine before spin cycle, let shirts drip dry.
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Cover "Aurora" ▶

Sliding gracefully along under her red, white and blue spinnaker, England's double-compens to finish her challenge for the historic America's Cup.

Photograph by Brian Reed

Next week



▶ The arrival of the new football season will be celebrated with a special issue devoted entirely to the nation's favorite autumn pastime. It will carry Sports Illustrated's annual scouting reports on 124 major U.S. college teams, along with plenty of entertainment for all—a witty and penetrating article by a woman, of all people, on what football means to her, and her own, a discussion of the new point-after-touchdown rule, and Dick Green's first week's predictions of the coming games, to name just a few of the items.

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Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Jobst of Dallas are pictured with their prized new Lincoln. Their pattern of living is based on what they like rather than an urge to conform. For this reason, the Jobsts drive a Lincoln. They like the dramatic simplicity of the Lincoln Look—the lack of ornamentation that seems to characterize all lasting beauty.



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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—MILWAUKEE slipped safely past last crucial hurdle, managed to save two out of five from handling Pittsburgh to hold 3½-game lead over Pirates. San Francisco Giants, thanks to four victories in six games with Dodgers, ran neck-and-neck with Pirates until they hit Chicago, where they lost three straight, slipped 3½ games off pace and only two ahead of struggling Red Sox, who walloped Phillies six times, pushed them into cellar.

NEW YORK YANKEES began week by beating Washington 7-4 for Bob Turley's 20th, won three out of four from Boston, but Senators went on wings, took three in row before Yankee won 7-6. But Yankees lack hold up as Chicago went into triplets against Cleveland, maddled along 11 games behind and only one half game ahead of Red Sox.

TENNIS—JERRY CUNNEO, 34-year-old American, found himself down two sets to one, but recovered brilliantly to overtake Countryman Mal Anderson 6-4, 1-6, 6-4, 10-8, 6-4 for U.S. Singles Championship at Forest Hills and complete rare triple (other titles: Wimbledon, Australia). Althea Gibson held three under pressure, got her big game working in time to defeat Darlene Hard 3-6, 6-1, 6-2 for her second crown, then announced she would retire for "at least a year" to devote herself to developing career as a singer.

BOATING—"YOLANITA" and "YIM," with Kershner and Winkler eliminated, headed into final America's Cup trials at Newport, Columbia, showing superior speed, out-miled older rival twice in first three races to get to gunline in open of selective committee. Next day, Yim won to remain alive, earned points to finish (see page 16).

GERMANY swept three titles in European rowing championships at Poznan, but Italy's eight-oared skiffs pulled off biggest shock-

er, showing open water in Philadelphia's Venetian Channel Russia's favored Transferré to win 2,000-meter dual in 6:19.5.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE, bouncing up and down Milwaukee's Lake Michigan, went NOOL, records 3½mg like leaves in a hurricane, landed down eight in three days. The record holders: Bill Tenny of Capital Exp., Miss., 26,971 mph in Class A hydro; Charles Adams of Auburnville, Fla., 51,384 mph in Class B hydro; Mel Callaway of Phoenix, 51,998 mph in Class C hydro; O. B. Ayler of Tyler, Texas, 54,265 mph in Class F hydro; Dennis Montgomery of Corsicana, Texas, 60,265 mph in Class A ramboat; Dub Parker of Galveston, Ala., 52,940 mph in Class D ramboat; Bill Holland of Houston, 50,280 mph in Class D ramboat; Clay Trotter of Lake Charles, La., 78,855 mph in Class F ramboat.

FOOTBALL—CHICAGO BEARS took full advantage of Earl Wilson Hill's pass-catching talents to beat Detroit 24-17 in pro exhibition at Dallas. Other results: Pittsburgh's Earl Marshall tossed two scoring passes to beat Baltimore 19-10 at Dallas; Washington outscored Philadelphia 15-0 at Jacksonville, Fla.; Ode Marion's running and Bobby Joe Conrad's kicking gave Chicago 27-20 squakers over Los Angeles at Seattle; Green Bay thumped New York 41-20 at Boston; San Francisco held off Cleveland 20-0 at San Francisco.

HORSE RACING—RALPH WOLF and PAUL THOMAS, pair of Midland, Texas silvers, out-jumped profitable week. Laws pocketed record \$1,350,000 from sale of three-quarters' interest in 4½-year-old Gallant Man to syndicate of 16 headed by Kentucky Horse Trader Leslie Curtis II, could afford to feel little pain two days later when Gallant Man looked like anything but million dollars in \$23,540 Synchro at Belmont.

Lugging 134 pounds, English-bred started slowly, had trouble finding racing room, finished fifth to Grassroots's Cobson.

THOMAS pocketed \$50,000 from \$50,000 Del Mar Futurity, richest 2-year-old race ever run on West Coast, with undefeated 16 for 6 boy Tony Lee. Underguts crying by Jackey Willie Shomaker, who cheered old buddy Gallant Man for day, latest California Derby hope smothered seven rivals to win by three lengths. Bought in England for \$4,075 in 1958, Tony Lee's earnings have now reached tidy \$123,508.

THOMAS, named for Race Caller Clem McCarty, risked back selling multimillion Round Table's assets on Madison's all-time earnings record, named in early lead and 3¼-length romp in \$123,630 Washington Park Handicap. Remounted Round Table's Owner Travis Kerr: "After all, we still got a ham-and-egg (\$22,000) while the winner was getting a square meal (\$24,175)."

BOXING—JAMES EARLIS, his strategy for showing little emotion as he ruthlessly dismantled arrogant Art Aragon with deadly blows to body and head, was almost as relieved as his sliced-up opponent when referee stopped middleweight fight in eighth at Los Angeles (see page 16).

WRESTLING, Na. 2 light heavyweight contender, stuck third too two heavyweight rivals, was something less than ball of fire in 15-minutes with enemy Archie McElreath at Syracuse, N.Y. Authority, favored and rebounded by McElreath's crowd, managed split decision by bounding rival to remain in fourth and sixth rounds.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—BRITAIN'S MERRY BRIDGES, at wheel of Fiat, first trailed Tony Brooks' Vanwall to finish in 1½-hour Grand Prix of Italy at Monza, but moved step closer to world driving title when Sirirling Moss was forced out by gear trouble. Hawthorn earned six points, new leader Moss 40-32 with only Grand Prix of Morocco left. Brooks' winning time: 1:00:47.8. His speed: 121.147 mph.

NON-SUCCESS celebrated Labor Day week-end in bang-bang fashion, St. Moritzville's Sub Pak, Mickey Thompson of El Monte,

continues next

focus on the deed . . .



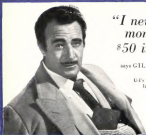
BIG BUNT over Callahan's left-field screen drives a big grin from Dodger Duke Snider as he crosses plate in 5-3 victory over Giants.



BIG BUNT for \$70 and one-hundred win over Bill Cooper 3½ in Centennial Open at Vancouver sends Jim Pines into home-off routine.



BIG BUNT from Judy Austin greets Pinball Roberts after record 162.594-mph spin worth \$13,495 in Southern 500 at Darlington, S.C.



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says GILBERT ROLAND

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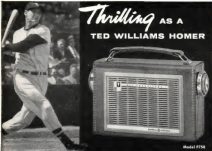


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GENERAL ELECTRIC

SCOREBOARD events and

Colt., who got his telegraphic Chrysler Class B allowance up to small-aid mark of \$28,532 and \$24,137 mph, clocked 204-208 mph for two-day U.S. record, at Orléans City, Ark. Arlene scored his Green Monster at 134.35 mph for new-drag mark.

Time's first pro sports car race attracted assorted group of stock, big car, midsize and sports car drivers and some 11,000 buffs to Lime Rock, proved that fast cars usually win. George Coonsman, 44, a Massachusetts Civil Defense director, kept tall pipe of his 3.3-liter Aston Martin snorting in faces of pursuers as he whipped around 1 1/4-mile course at 78.85-mph average, was well in front of runner-up Bruce Kenner, in 3.3-liter Ferrari, when race forced halt at end of 90th lap.

TRACK & FIELD—AUSTRALIA'S SHOOTING ROBERT ELLIOTT, at no time looking nearly as steady as he claimed to be, posted mile in 3:55.4, second only to his 3:54.5 world record, at London, scored on 400, where two days later he posted 1:50.9 versus in 3:57.1, also second-fastest time ever. With 18 under-four-minute miles behind him this year, Elliott admitted, "I am beginning to tire," headed for home and six-month rest from competition.

GOLF—LEE ANSTEEVER, winning up for national championship at San Francisco's Olympic Country Club, had easy time of it, piling up 46 points to 17 for Canada, seven for Mexico in defense of America's Cup. Biggest surprise: Gary Coogan, curly-topped 19-year-old Canadian, who upset American Harris Ward and Billman Robbins.

HARNESS RACING—ALICE BABBY, J. Howard Lyons' 19-year-old wife in world's fastest pacer (3:03 for mile), returned to winning form at Yonkers Racetrack, piling up \$1,000 purse in demolition to boost earnings to \$248,000 and regain title (Tore Lord Edward) as harness racing's 11-year money winner.

BRIDGE—ITALY's contract bridge world champions, subject of recent controversy which resulted in official censure of U.S. star Teddie Stone, started slowly, drove to third straight European championships by winning 13 successive matches at Italy's Winter Ascent, Giorgio Belladonna, Eugenio Chiaravelli, Massimo D'Amico.

continued



HAVE GUN, WILL SHOOT is latest role for Actor Clark Gable, who turned up along the Gila River to open Arizona's dove-hunting season.



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faces in the crowd . . .



KAYE HAMM, 24, high jumper from Great South Bay, N.Y., captured a three-season American TC crown in North American title and Atlantic trophy at Chicago.



LARRY ROBERTSON, sports-and-driving son of actress Barbara Hutton, had big work, beating Walt Huggins at Thompson, Conn., and coming up with Gustav Anderson at A.L. Ferris in the 200-meter at Edinburg, Tex.



FRANK ROBINSON, graceful and national champion from Milford, Conn., gave average looks in route at Colorado Springs, was first in 200-meter, 400-meter and 800-meter, and finished in top seven in 1,600-meter.



EDWIN SMITH, 18, high jumper from Washington, D.C., gave average looks in route at Colorado Springs, was first in 200-meter, 400-meter and 800-meter, and finished in top seven in 1,600-meter.

X-RAY

The St. Louis Cardinals battle Los Angeles and Cincinnati for a first-dinning spot



KEEPING UP WITH THE JONES isn't easy. He's Sam Jones, Jr., 24, a professional, and he's been with the Chicago Cubs in 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 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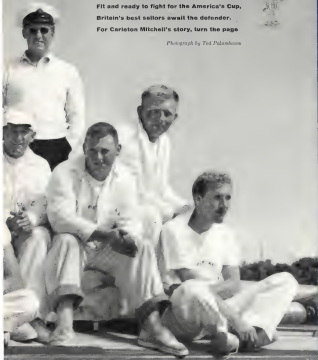
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GALLANT CHAPS

Fit and ready to fight for the America's Cup,
Britain's best sailors await the defender.
For Carleton Mitchell's story, turn the page

Photograph by Ted Polansky



GRAHAM MANN

MIKE TREMLETT

STANLEY BISHOP

TIM LANGFORD

DAVID BOYD, JR.



NEWPORT: AND THEN THERE WERE TWO

by CARLETON MITCHELL

NINE MILES off Brecon Reef Lightship, out of sight over the horizon from Newport, is all intent and purpose in the open ocean, rides an orange-and-white buoy. Rising and falling in the swells which roll in from the trackless wastes of the North Atlantic, or sitting idly in a loggy calm, it has the air of lonely isolation common to all offshore aids to navigation.

Yet this is a special buoy, and during the past week—as it will be until some indefinite moment later in the month—it was neither lonely nor isolated. Each day about noon it became the focal point of a marine cavalcade streaming forth from the land, and each day on the firing of a gun began an unfolding drama of mounting tension. Like knights jousting in tournaments of old, tall sleek yachts circled and charged, thrust and parried, wholly intent on victory—and the right to defend the America's Cup. First they were four—Vim, Colombia, Weatherly and Endeavor. Then they were two—Vim and Colombia. But only one could survive, to be pitted in turn against a new adversary, the *Spectre* from over the sea.

As late as Monday night the committee had been unable to decide between Vim and Colombia as defender of the America's Cup. Statistically, they were tied at two victories each, but figures alone do not tell the story. Vim, the older boat, was holding a newer and undoubtedly faster boat through sheer nerve, skill and tactical superiority. Each day, her lead had to be established in a matter of seconds, where one mistake could be fatal, and then maintained throughout a course requiring hours to sail, without an error that would lose the advantage of those original seconds.

But it is hard to understand the final duel without knowing what went before. First, with an almost brutal abruptness, came the elimina-

tion of *Endeavor* and *Weatherly*, two of the three 12-meter yachts built this year. After but three of 13 scheduled events, a terse statement was issued: "The America's Cup Committee announces that *Endeavor* and *Weatherly* will not continue to compete in the Final Trials for the selection of a defender of the America's Cup."

Obviously, the desire of the cup committee was to narrow the field to the remaining two yachts, Vim and Colombia, which had throughout the summer demonstrated the greatest consistency. A streak of bad weather could keep the boats in harbor indefinitely, and the conditions agreed upon last year by the New York Yacht Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron stated that "at least one week before the first race the challenger shall be informed of the yacht selected to defend the cup."

UNREMARKED "BASTARD"

Unfortunately, *Endeavor* had never found herself. Last boat to be launched, sailed with basically a family crew and not equipped in the lavish style of her competitors, she came to the Final Trials with a record of 19 consecutive defeats. All who have seen her in action, spectators and competitors alike, felt she had a truly great potential—but, alas, it never was realized.

Weatherly was another matter. As the committee had stated that the Preliminary Trials in July would have little weight and the events of the New York Yacht Club cruise none at all, statistically *Weatherly*, on the basis of six victories against two defeats in the August Observation Trials, came into the finals as top boat, with Vim and Colombia tied at five and three each.

Yet, on the first day of sailing, Labor Day, *Weatherly* was matched against Colombia in a WSW breeze varying from eight to 14 knots, and was beaten by over 4 minutes, a

“FAST CREW” sailed their boat left-handed in present built up in Final Trials, kept their chances alive by sheer guts and skill. From left: Capt. Jakob Isbrandtsen, Second Officer, Willy Carstens, Roddy Forbush, Larry Schen, Dick Mortenson, Charles Dick Matthews, Dan Matthews, Ben Mosbacher, Ted Hood, Rod Noyes.

decisive margin. Next day she lost to Vim—but only by a thin 18 seconds. Wednesday, when placards on the side of the race committee boat appeared showing her again matched against Colombia, it was recognized as any other handwriting on the wall: today, or else. And Colombia on that sparkling crisp afternoon buried *Weatherly* by a margin of almost 6 minutes, a staggering amount between vessels of almost identical waterlines and sail area.

What happened to *Weatherly*? The wise gentry say it was the addition of inside ballast. Unfortunately for her designer, the lead keel was delivered from the foundry during building half a ton lighter than specified, naturally affecting the stability calculations. Lead pigs were added inside before the Observation Trials, and she went on to win the series. Before the finals a calculated gamble was taken, and still more lead put aboard, “on the assumption she would be racing into mid-September when winds would normally be stronger,” in the words of a member of her afterguard. The gamble lost.

But perhaps the answer rests, not with *Weatherly*, but with Colombia. Before Colombia ever slid down the ways, she was thought of by many as the certain defender. She was the traditional New York Yacht Club Syndicate boat, and therefore would be favored by the cup committee; she was designed by Olin Stephens, who had had a hand in *Ranger* and had wholly produced Vim; she was to include in crew not only Olin but his brother Rod, the unchallenged

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

“COLUMBIA” CREW made racing mark under the hand of Olin Stephens. Top row: Vic Remagna, Wally Tobin, Palmer Sparrow, Olin Stephens, Bob Pettway, Malley Harnschoff, Colin E. Ramsey, Jimmy Hudson, Gordon Fred Lawton, Rod Stephens, Briggs Cunningham, Harry Burns, Olin Stephens, Olin Stephens.

TURN PAGE FOR MAP OF AMERICA'S CUP COURSE

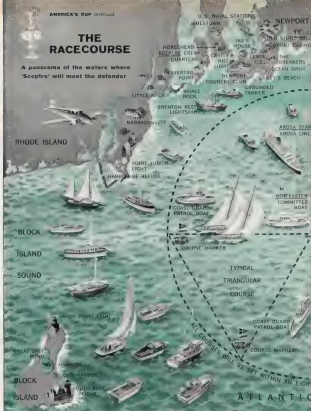




AMERICA'S CUP continued

THE RACECOURSE

A panorama of the waters where 'Sceptre' will meet the defender



ON THE MORNING of September 26 the busiest stretch of course in the world will be the water south of Newport, where something like 600 yachts will gather to watch the 17th challenge for the America's Cup. The focal point for this exciting spectacle, dramatically presented on the map above, will be the America's Cup Regatta, nine miles SSE of the Breasted Reef Lightship. Here, under the eyes of perhaps 5,000 spectators, including President Eisenhower, who has taken a houseboat (see page 10) just across the cove from the Ida Lewis Yacht

Club, all the races will begin and end. A maximum of seven races are scheduled, to be held on successive weekdays (none on Sundays), with a day of rest after each race if either boat requires it. The first boat to win four races takes the series, and with it, the America's Cup.

There will be two alternate courses—one triangular, the other windward-leeward. The windward-leeward course, to be used for the first, third, fifth and seventh races, will be six miles on a leg, twice around the course. The triangular course,



used for races two, four and six, will be eight miles on a leg, once around. Whenever the wind is steady enough, the water marks will be set so the start of each race is upwind.

To keep the course clear, a flotilla of Coast Guard vessels will set up patrol lines in a shallow T a half mile around the start. Spectator boats must stay 100 yards outside the patrol lines. Once the race is under way, the Coast Guard will fall in behind the competitors, setting up new lines a half mile astern and to leeward as windward and reaching legs, or a half mile

astern on both sides for downwind legs. Whenever the racers change direction, the Coast Guard will change with them, indicating the direction of the change with whistle blasts: several short blasts followed by a long one for a change to the right, two long blasts for a change to the left. Special note to aircraft: planes may fly no lower than 1,500 feet above the water and no closer than 2,000 horizontal feet away from the contestants. The CAA further recommends that all pilots fly in a counter-clockwise direction, to reduce the possibility of collisions.

FOR RACING IN 1982 TO WATCH A CUP RACE, TURN PAGE



AMERICA'S CUP continued

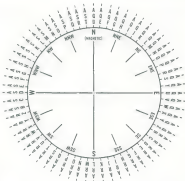
THE STRATEGY

An explanation of signals and sails, plus a diagram of America's Cup racing strategy

Setting the course

All races are scheduled to begin at 11:10 a.m. Eastern Daylight Time. Before the start, the race committee boat, the 58-foot motor sloop *Nor'wester*, will take up its station opposite the America's Cup Buoy, thus establishing the starting line. Then, 20 minutes before the start, the committee will hoist a set of three code flags indicating the direction from the starting line to the first course marker—for example, AGL for northeast (see compass rose at right).

At the same time, they will hoist the code letter Y if the marks are to be passed to starboard, code Z if the marks are to be passed to port. In a triangular race the direction of the second mark is automatically established, since the triangle is equilateral. Time limit for windward-leeward races is six hours, for triangular races five and a half hours, and if neither yacht finishes in time the committee will cancel the race.



Signaling the start

Two minutes before the start, the committee will fire a gun (or blow the boat's whistle) and hoist the 10-minute warning, a white cylinder (right). Five minutes later there will be another gun and a blue cylinder. At the start, a third gun and a red cylinder. If either boat starts too soon, the recall signal will go up. In case of a rule violation, the innocent boat should immediately hoist the red protest flag.



10-MINUTE WARNING



5-MINUTE WARNING

blue



START



RECALL
SIGNAL



PROTEST



10-MINUTE
PUNISHMENT

yellow and
blue



RACE
CANCELED
FOR THE CUP

Spotting the sails

Each boat will have about two dozen sails. However, the contenders probably will use no more than six radically different combinations, the extra sails being duplicates or near duplicates, with only the tiniest variations in canvas weight or cut, invisible often to the eye of the novice and sometimes the most expert sailor. For example, each boat will have different materials for light and heavy winds. For heaving, i.e., going against the wind, they will have gennys (see, not only of different size (see diagrams) but also different canvas weights. For running before the wind—and sometimes for reaching (across the wind)—they will carry light- and heavy-weather spinnakers, plus small spinnaker stunsails to catch the wind low in the water. If you study the diagrams at right, however, you will be able to spot all basic types of sails likely to be used during the America's Cup races.



MAINSAIL AND NO. 1 GENOA is usual combination for light work (to windward) (upwind).



NO. 2 GENOA is used when wind freshens and larger No. 1 "genoa" dips boat over too far.

Understanding the races

Nothing is muddier to the eye of the layman than the tactics in a sailing race, particularly a two-beat match race like the America's Cup where the competitors seem to be sailing in every direction but the right one. The diagrams below explain, in simplified general terms, a typical match race in which both boats try to follow Rule No. 1 of match racing: stay between the opponent and the next mark, no matter how far you have to go to do it.

GOING TO WINDWARD (2). White must get away from black's wind shadow or he will be unable to pass (as he changes direction, or tack, hoping to escape). But black immediately returns white's move (3), thus keeping white trapped up in wind shadow and at same time staying between white and the windward mark.

TACKLING SAIL (4). White has to get away from black's wind shadow after many tacks, white pulls over, and boats converge on opposite tacks (5). Since white is on starboard tack, i.e., has wind coming over starboard bow, black must give way. He tacks quickly (6) to avoid white's wind shadow.

APPROACHING THE MARK (7). White tacks to avoid any bad wind currents (assuming off-lopings) and black counterattacks (8) to keep white off his mark. Black must attack now (because if he waits white will have time to set up his tack, i.e., move the main without another tack, he counterattacks again for loop (9).

ROUNDING THE MARK (10). White counterattacks (11) at black, hoping to cut off black's wind and weather lee. But black, in position of roundabout leeward counterattack, has right of way, the layman's sailing rule (which means windward must give way). Black may then force a loop (white can't return to leeward because white's wind) if on track, must change his course for the forward mark.

AT START (1). Black may try to maneuver into white's slip (5, 6) round the hull (7). Because (1) is very small, black may do this only if white is opened. If white is closed, or rounded, black, through cut-off, loses wind, forcing white to sail in area of disturbed air, called wind shadow. But white may slip easily to leeward (3), thus making start easy.

APPROACHING FINISH. Black mistakes white's job, assuming white's error (12) to stay on his wind. If black understands white's move (13), he counterattacks (14) to force both boats to move out of leeward and parallel to a winning (15) or a losing (16) finish line.

ROUNDING LEeward MARK (17). White moves (18) to avoid black. Therefore he abandons straight course for black sail, on the leeward bow, forces black to run across the wind (19), leaving black's counterattack (20) useless (or lost) black, with close down and white sails escape. If white fails, he may then change direction by quickly jibing (21)—and black (then to round, 22) now, counterattacks (23) will have crossed to other side of starting bow to set up finish line.

RESUMING COURSE (24). Black may be able handling sail and white may blanket black—out of his point and weather bow (25, 26). But black is not allowed to huff white again as long as some part of white's head stays within the zone (27) of one part of black's. However, if black can keep some part of his boat overlapping some part of white's, black may then demand room to round the buoy (28).



NO. 3 BOWS is set high along bottom to keep heavy seas and winds from burning sail.



REEPED, or shortened, main and storm jib help boat sail upright in heaviest weather.



BALLOONED is high, full-bellied jib used when boat is reaching across the path of the wind.



SPINNAKER goes high when boat runs with wind. Spinnaker stays full because "chafe."



THE PLACE

A guide to the hotels, docks, charter boats, and airports in Newport and nearby towns

NEWPORT

Every good **HOTEL** in Newport has been booked solid for at least a month, and **DOCK SPACE** is just as tight. However, there are acres of free **ANCHORAGE**. And if you insist on sleeping in town, you can call on the Newport Chamber of Commerce on Thames St. The public Chamber will try to find you a private chamber in a home—average rate: \$8 for one person.

Across the harbor in Jamestown—a 20-minute ferry ride—there are still room reservations in the Bay View (\$6 to \$8), Bay Village (\$3.50 to \$4.50) and the James Shore Motel (\$9 to \$15).

The best-known **RESTAURANT** in Newport is Christie's off Thames St. This is a good place—right on the water, good drinks, good sea food. You can also get a good meal at the huge, crumbling Shamrock Cliff, at the Castle Hill Hotel (no liquor) and Cliff Walk Manor, all on Ocean Drive. The Viking Hotel, just up the hill from the Newport Shipyard, has a dining room, breakfast room and a good bar downstairs. The Munching-King across the street has a dining room and bar.

The best spot from which to see the race will be aboard one of the big **SPRINTER** boats. The *Arosa Star*, an ocean liner of 7,113 tons, with a generous allotment of cocktail bars and dining room, offers eight days' accommodations for \$155 to \$410, plus tax; a 24-hour cruise, \$35; or daily excursion, including lunch and chair, for \$15, plus tax. Reservations through Travel, Inc., Providence or Newport and also at Male Travel in New York. The tenders for the *Arosa Star* will leave from Watson Wharf, Newport up until noon and there will be parking at Watson for 300 cars (\$2.50 for 24 hours). The *Boxer* (41,045 tons, cocktail lounge and restaurant on board) will sail daily from Long Wharf, Newport at 9 a.m.; price per passenger: \$15, plus tax. Reservations must be made by September 10 through Wilson Line offices in Boston and New York. The Viking,

an excursion boat, will leave Newport each morning at 9 a.m.; fare \$20. For reservations phone Viking 7-4668.

If you want to **CHARTER** a boat—and take a chance on having your view blocked by larger boats—information on available charters can be obtained through Newport Chamber of Commerce and Vets Majestic Cab, Newport. Costs average \$300 a day for small boats carrying 6 to 8 persons, \$20 a day per person for larger boats. If you anchor or moor in Newport, either on a chartered vessel or in your own boat, best dock service is at Newport Shipyard, Christie's, and the Moorings, accessible through Stevens Delicatessen, which delivers anywhere in the harbor.

If you are coming to the race by boat and don't want to take a chance on anchoring and taking potluck on a rooming house, the best bet is to head for one of the nearby ports.

JAMESTOWN

Across the Narrows Passage from Newport, **DOCK SPACE**: Wharton's Shipyard, five boats; gas, water, moorings; off Wharton's, 10 boats, \$25, if you stay through the entire cup series. **PROVISIONS**: best through Stevens Delicatessen.

BLOCK ISLAND

Old Harbor 16 miles W by S of America's Cup Bay. **LOW TIDE**: 15 feet, 12½ feet at moorings. **DOCK SPACE**: Old Harbor Dock; 10 boats, first come, first served, \$1.50 per night for small craft, over 25 feet, \$2 per night. Fuel, ice, water; showers at Bullard's Inn, on dock. **ANCHORAGE**: limited space in outer basin.

New Harbor (Great Salt Pond) 19 miles around Sandy Point Light from the America's Cup Bay. **LOW TIDE**: 25 feet. **DOCK SPACE**: Champlin's Yacht Station, still space for 25 to 30 boats by reservation; 10½ per foot per night; fuel, ice, water, groceries, taxi service. Payne's Dock, 100 boats, first come, first served; under 30 feet \$2 per night, 30 to 50 feet \$3.50, and over 50 feet \$6 per foot; fuel, ice, water, electrical outlets, showers, an-

CHORAGE: Great Salt Pond, plenty of room. **PROVISIONS**: Block Island Public Market, Midway Market, Seaside Market. **RESTAURANTS**: Pie and Mary's, Deadeys Dick's, Pier 76. **HOTELS**: 18 hotels and inns, with space for some 1,700, will remain open if reservations warrant; average price \$9 double with meals, \$10 single with meals, \$4 to \$8 without meals. If your own boat breaks down, the Fender will sail from New Harbor, Block Island daily at 9 a.m., fare \$10.

POINT JUDITH

12 miles NW by W of America's Cup Bay. **LOW TIDE**: 12 feet. Use chart 216, which shows latest improvements, dredging, etc. **DOCK SPACE**: only space available is on nine new finger piers (for reservations contact Mr. Lee, State Division of Harbors and Rivers, State Office Building, Providence). **MOORINGS**: none left. **ANCHORAGE**: 150 boats. Boats may pull into docks for fuel, and into Point Judith fisherman's co-op for ice, water and fuel. **PROVISIONS**: Galilee Grocery, Champlin's Market (sea food only). **RESTAURANTS**: Port Side, All Seasons, George's. **HOTELS**: Galilee Beach Club. 18 cabins accommodating four persons each, \$4 per person, reservations only.

WICKFORD

Seven miles up the bay from Horse Head (see map). **LOW TIDE**: 12 feet, 8 feet at Mill Cove. **DOCK SPACE**: Wickford Shipyard has a few spaces left by reservation only. Fuel, ice, water, showers, marine supplies at the shipyard. **ANCHORAGE**: in harbor about 200 boats, every man for himself. **PROVISIONS**: Lyons Super Market. **RESTAURANTS**: Marina House, Cold Spring House. **HOTELS**: Cold Spring House (about \$5).

SAKONNET

12 miles NE by N of America's Cup Bay. **LOW TIDE**: 8 feet. **DOCK SPACE**: Foyle's, four boats, no charge, but must vacate between 7 and 9 a.m.; fuel, water, ice. **ANCHORAGE**: six to eight available through harbor master, \$1

per night. **ANCHORAGE:** 23 boats, no charge. **PROVISIONS:** Cove Market. **RESTAURANT:** Pele's.

CUTTYHUNK

18 miles E by N of the America's Cup Buoy. **LOW TIDE:** 14 feet. **BOAT SPACE:** Town Dock, 8 to 10 boats, must vacate 12 to 3 p.m. for mail boat; first come, first served, no charge. **Fisherman's Pier,** possible eight spaces, first come, first served, \$2 per night. **ANCHORAGE:** 90 boats, no charge. **PROVISIONS:** Cuttyhunk Store. **RESTAURANT:** The Coffee Shop. **BOYALS:** The Bosworth House (dining room); Allen House, rooms and board \$8 per day.

GUIDE FOR AIRCRAFT

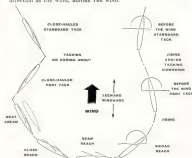
The weather off Newport in September is capricious, and pilots should include an alternate airport inland in their flight plans. **MAINE ISLAND STATE AIRPORT:** 1 mile WSW of downtown area. Paved runway east 2,000 feet, rotating beacon and runway lighting. **UNCOM:** 122.8 mc (airport hours only). **SERVICES:** Tie-down, air charter, taxi, restaurant. Cost \$6 to \$1.50 per night. **NEWPORT AIR PARK:** 3 1/4 miles NNE of Newport. Two runways, longest paved 1,400 feet, runway lighting and field markings. **Obstructions:** Pole line 700 feet north of field. **UNCOM:** 122.8 mc. **SERVICES:** storage, repairs, air charter, taxi, restaurant. Cost \$1.50 to \$5 per day. **MARTHA'S VINEYARD AIRPORT:** 4.3 miles S of Vineyard Haven. Paved runways ENE 1,400, SSE 1,400, N 1,300, beacon, runway lighting and field markings. **Obstructions:** antenna pole SE. **UNCOM:** 122.8 mc (daylight hours only). **SERVICES:** Tie-down, storage, repairs, air charter, taxi, restaurant. No landing or tie-down fees.

Other airports in Newport area are **THOMSON FRANKLIN GREEN STATE AIRPORT,** 7.3 miles S of Providence, and **NEW BEDFORD MUNICIPAL AIRPORT:** 2.5 miles NNW of New Bedford, both with instrument landing systems; **COVENTRY AIRPARK,** 2.3 miles ESE of Coventry; **FALL RIVER MUNICIPAL AIRPORT,** 4 miles N of town; **EDGARTOWN AIRPORT,** 2 miles S Edgartown, and **OAK BLUFFS AIRPORT,** 1 mile SSW of Oak Bluffs, both the latter on Martha's Vineyard; **NEW LONDON AIRPORT,** 1.7 miles N Waterford; **NANTUCKET MEMORIAL AIRPORT,** 2.6 miles SE.

THE LANGUAGE

A glossary of the nautical jargon you will hear during the races

The boats that will race for the America's Cup are called **IS-METER** sloops, or, for short, **12s**. Though a 12 can sail a straight line away from the wind, or to **DOWNWIND**, it cannot go directly upwind (**UPWIND**, or **TO WEAHER**). Therefore, it zigzags, or **TACKS** (see below), as close as possible to the direction from which the wind is blowing, changing direction each time so that the windward side becomes the leeward side. When moving in this manner, the boat is **BEATING**, **CRUISING**, or **ON THE WIND**; and when the wind is coming over the right (**STARBOARD**) side, the boat is on the **STARBOARD TACK**. When the wind is coming from the left (**PORT**) side, the boat is on the **PORT TACK**. A boat in the act of tacking to windward is **COMING ABOUT** or **GOING ABOUT**. A boat in the act of tacking downwind is **GOING**. A boat can be on port or starboard tack whether it is beating, sailing a little farther away from the wind on a **CLOSE REACH**, straight across the wind on a **BEARS REACH**, still farther away from the wind on a **BROAD REACH** or in the same direction as the wind, **BEARING THE WIND**.



Further guide to the port and points as aboard an America's Cup contender

BEARS: front of boat
BEARING: rear end of boat
BEAT: straight out from side of boat
BEATING: side of boat near the stern
BEAT: toward the stern, or behind it
BEATING: to wind the line
BEATING: side of the boat from the waterline to the deck
BEAT: vertical pole supporting sails
BEAT: horizontal pole along bottom of sail
BEAT: wire from mast to bow or stern used for support of mast
BEAT: general term for rope
BEAT: line used for raising or lowering sails
BEAT: line used in adjusting angle of sails to wind
BEAT: sailors' term for pulley

BEAT: adjust angle of sails to wind
BEATING: changing of sails that occurs when boat heads too far to windward or sails are improperly trimmed
BEAT: to break a sail's area by gathering in and tying down part of the sail
BEATING: sailing as close into the wind as possible
BEATING: sailing with the wind more or less astern
BEAT OFF: tacking off to leeward, or from the wind
BEAT OFF: turn to windward, or towards the wind
BEATING: when windward boat takes wind from leeward boat's sails
BEATING: when one sail throws wind onto lee side of other sails
BEATING: when a boat heads over
BEAT: one nautical mile (1,800 feet) per hour



GENE PHILLIPS AND GENE GLUTZ, THE SHADOWS OF ALLEN CONTENDERS, GENE FRASER, BOB HAYDON AND MAL ANDERSON



CALIFORNIA'S DARLENE HARD AND SWEDEN'S ALF SCHMIDT STRETCH THEIR LEGS TO REACH TWO HARD ONES ONLY TO LOSE

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SHADOWS IN THE GRASS, ALAS

THE LATE SUMMER SUN blazed hot and bright over the scuffed courts of the West Side Tennis Club in Long Island's Forest Hills last week during the 1966 playing of the national U.S. lawn tennis championships. Its piercing rays etched the close-cropped green turf with many a widely prancing black shape in the form of shadows cast by skillful youngsters of unproved promise and veterans past their prime, but it did little to dispel the larger and vaguer shadow that hangs over U.S. amateur tennis in general.

Fans flocked to the big concrete stadium which has long been the headquarters of American amateur championship tennis, hoping to find



ON THE COURTS AT FOREST HILLS SUGAR LITTLE BUT TAPWIDE FOR AMERICANS LIKE SAMUEL WRIGHT AND MAX GOODMAN



THEIR RESPECTIVE MATCHES TO THE DURE RETURN OF MEN'S RUNNER-UP ANDERSON AND WOMEN'S CHAMP ALTHEA GIBSON

in the shadows and in the bounding figures who cast them a hopeful augury for the future. As the tournament matches progressed from round to round, however, they found their biggest thrills in the gallant losing play of such U.S. veterans as Vic Seixas and Dick Savitt, whose shadows were projected not forward but backward into tournament courts of the past.

Playing on his 35th birthday, Seixas won a magnificent five-set opening-round victory from Kurt Nielsen who was seeded seventh, and lasted until the quarter-finals. After a brilliant start which included the second-round defeat of America's most promising Davis Cup hopeful, Harry Mackay, a towheaded 19-year-old

named Chris Crawford bowed at last to Herbie Flam, who in turn bowed to the young Swede Ulf Schmidt. At the semifinal round for the first time in 78 years of national singles play not one American was left to continue the championship of his own country. On the last day of the tournament the same two young Australians, Mal Anderson and Ashley Cooper, who fought for the title last year, were at it again. "If I come back again," Mal predicted after his victory last year, "I'll probably lose." Last week he did just that in a tense final round during which his countryman Cooper, despite the agony of a twisted ankle, won in five close sets. Meanwhile, hard put to find natives

to man their squad, U.S. Davis Cup selectors decided to enroll a likable young Peruvian named Alejandro Omsaco who has been playing top tennis with Captain Perry Jones's California boys for the last five years.

On the daffy side of U.S. tennis the long-striding shadow of Champion Althea Gibson blanketed all contenders despite a constant wish on the part of the fans that someone might turn up who could give the champ a run for her money. After victory in the finals against Darlene Hard, Althea herself cast a further pall over the future of U.S. tennis by announcing her retirement to become a professional singer.

—WILLIAM F. TALBERT

SAFE DRIVERS ALL

Amortized bruises and lacerations were the astonishingly mild consequences for the drivers on these pages, who seemed to be trying to outdo each other in the crash, burn and slice of their exit scenes in last week's Southern 500-mile race at Darlington, S.C. The crowd of 80,000 flinched as cars

popped through the guardrail or dippy-doodled on the banking, but seat belts, shoulder harnesses and roll bars saved all the drivers from serious injury. Florida's plucky Glenn (Fireball) Roberts, 29, drove his 1967 Chevrolet really along the steeply banked track rim to a victory worth \$14,410.

Photographs by K. T. Krehbiel



OVER THE FENCE IS OUT FOR JACK SMITH'S PONTIAC, BOARNO FROM WATER BLOK

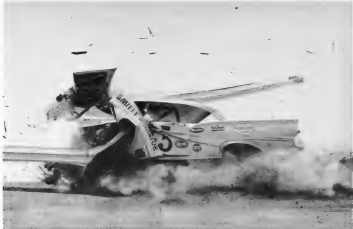
JESSE JAMES TAYLOR FLIRTS WITH GUARDRAIL; CAR WAS LATER HIT BY TWO MORE



AFTER BLOWING TIRE, EDDIE FAGAN'S



LIKE FAGAN, EDDIE GRAY BLEW A TIRE.

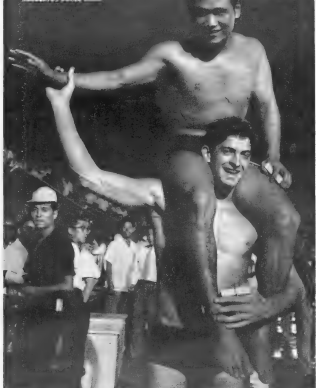


THE FORD KIPS OUT SECTION OF GUARDRAIL, AND SEEMS TO BE DISINTEGRATING AS IT HEADS INTO 18-FOOT DROP TO FIELD BELOW



THE 1967 FORD HAS ALREADY BURST THROUGH GUARDRAIL ON WEST TURN, IS ANYWHERE. TURN WAS SLIPPERY FROM GOODING OIL

UNIVERSAL PICTURE



JAPAN'S YAMATAKA'S BORN IN TRIUMPH AFTER SWIMMING 100-METER FREESTYLE IN 1934 TO BREAK LATER WORLD MARK

GOOD WILL IN TOKYO

The time was when only bitterness marked the conflicts of Aussie and Japanese. This picture mirrors the change. Astride Australia's Gary Chapman is Japan's young swimmer, Tanyoshi Yamataka. After losing to

Yamataka in the Japanese championships, Chapman exuberantly hoisted him aloft. Chapman is not helping with a victory salute; overcome by the Aussie's posture, Yamataka had tried to cover his face with his hand,

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Letter from Reader

COMMANDER James Francis Calvert, of the atomic submarine *Skate* on its exploration under the polar seas, has sent to this office the following communication:

I thought you might be interested in knowing that the enclosed copy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was part of the mailroom library which sailed to the North Pole with us on August 12 and August 17, 1958.

The enclosed copy of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has been studied in this office ever since with pride and a bemused wonder as to how it read under the North Pole. Externally, it appears like the same magazine that left here last July: there is the cover, with the little girl training the spotted dog; the date line reads JULY 14, 1958, Volume 9, Number 3, © 1958 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED; the table of contents, the names on the masthead, Cosmo Kramer, Schoenmann—all are there; it's the same magazine. But it has nevertheless been invaded with strangeness for having passed beneath one of the poles of this hurried and problem-ridden world. It seems different. Someone has doodled cryptic marks alongside the Goodrich tire ad, something like a cartoon of a comical face, something like an electrical wiring plan. Was the *Skate* then entering the polar chaos? "One pretty sure way to beat the heat of summer," runs the Mexico room two runarounds, "is to climb Mount McKinley." Aboard *Skate* they must have reflected on another way.

Internal evidence indicates that the crew of the *Skate* carefully studied Winslow Homer's wonderful watercolor of children at the seashore in that historic issue, and it appears from the way the magazine opens

that every man jack of these heroes studied the picture of the bathing beauty of Paris on page 18, under the North Pole as elsewhere. In that issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* there was an account of a father and son on a fishing trip in the Rockies, an appraisal of the major league race (the Cards were still considered possible at that time), anecdotes about bears in na-

tional parks, the swordfish run off Martha's Vineyard, Bold Ruler's \$43,440 victory in the Suburban.

It would probably be difficult to find matters more remote from the problems of exploring the polar seas. Doubtless the reaction ought to be humility that the heroes engaged in it should occupy their leisure time

continued



"Make it good, boys, an' maybe you can take over one of those TV giveaway spots."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

with such arduous and reduced concerns. But the truth is that the ordinary pursuits of happiness by the masses of mankind seem all the more engraving when they are pined against these epic exploits. It is when men are engaged in the conquest of outer space, or breaching the Northwest Passage under the ice, that the problems of training a dog or fast-towing the backslaw take on their poignance as aspects of the ordinary world whose preservation justifies all efforts. The achievement of the *Shole* and her crew lies beyond the boundaries of the fields in which this magazine is mainly concerned, but the issue that they read under the North Pole, suitably framed, hangs on our wall as a proud reminder of the way readers get around these days.

Bulldozers in the Valley

FOR THE TIME BEING, anyway, the squawks and steadydow coincident to lawsuits, counterclaims, political complications and dissident citizens have been stilled in Square Valley, Calif. In their stead these days the High Sierra echoes the more positive whang of hummers and the Mutter of bulldozers and pneumatic drills. Somehow or other, it looks as if Square Valley will be ready for the Winter Olympics in February 1990.

From the top of the old jump hill

last week, a man could get an idea of what was going on in the valley below. Some 300 carpenters, plumbers, electricians and construction workers were down there, and the serpentine armchairs left by cement trucks and earth movers wound through the fir and pine. Four dormitories, each to



accommodate 300 athletes and each costing \$70,000, stood almost finished. Two will be ready for occupancy by late fall, and the other two will be far enough along to permit interior construction despite the cold. The 16 peripheral pillars that will support the roof of the 11,000-seat arena were being fashioned in concrete and steel. Large enough to cover a football field, the roof will be slung from the posts next year and, with no interior support, will afford an uncluttered view for spectators. And hard by the open end of the arena, plumbers were laying down 45 miles of pipe which will constitute the refrigeration systems of four artificial ice rinks. (Square Valley, cold as banished hope on occasion, has temperamental thawing spells that make natural ice too risky.)

With just as much fever, regiments of workers were attending the needs of the 40,000-odd visitors expected at the games. The little things—restaurants, lounges, rest rooms, first aid stations—were coming along fine. Even the big thing, the 130-acre parking lot, has been whipped. It was a real stunner for a while. How do you keep 130 acres except clean through recurring snow falls? Navy Arctic experts suggested snow compaction, a method of beating down the snow until it gives up and becomes a hard-topped parking lot itself. True, during early experiments several cars sank out of sight. But with better snow compaction came better results, and the parking lot, dusted over with sand, has held up fleets of cars and buses.

What a man could not see at Square Valley was where he could spend the night once the Olympics begin. All housing at Square is for athletes and officials only. A spectator is search of a place to sleep can drive to Reno (43 miles) if he likes, but then there is that thing about snowstorms, blizzards and the Donner party. Proposed four-lane highways into the valley will not be ready by 1990, either. The alternative, of course, is Tahoe City and Truckee, the only towns in the area, both within 15 miles of the games. And here's room accommodations will be available in Tahoe and Truckee, courtesy of friendly extortionists, at \$25 a night. No, that does not mean \$25 for a room. That means \$25 for a bed in a room, with other beds. Innskeepers, motelkeepers and private home owners are gawling that this is how much the traffic will bear. Why, like a man was saying, that's more than they ask you in Louisville at Kentucky Derby time. Which, as the man meant, is almost more traffic than compacted snow will bear.

They Said It

CHANDLER HONEY, 78-year-old leader of the now disgraced America's Cup contractor Easterner: "Everything in equipment and sails that [Designer Ray Hunt] requested was furnished. . . . My son Charley, who steered the boat, and I repeatedly asked Ray to take the wheel. But, except for a very few short periods, he . . . preferred, himself, to concentrate on trimming the sails." HUNT, 50: "Time brings on an age that diminishes accurate observation and aggressive thinking. Perhaps I have reached that age."

DEANIMIS ZIVKOVIC, 37-year-old Yugoslavian fencer at Philadelphia Championships, on why he sought political asylum in this country: "There are liberties in Europe and Yugoslavia, but America offers the most liberties."

ED TEMPLE, women's track coach at Tennessee State University, on the problems of finding a good women's team in the U.S.: "We have to take an American girl with her powder and lipstick and develop her into a competitor. She has to be feminine and talented. This combination is hard to find."

The Old Sod

PROSEMARY, according to the post, is for remembrance. But for a certain young golf ball in Statesville, W. Va., a bit of the old sod will do just as well. Detected trailing along after the players in the state P.G.A.

tournament, and asked why his pockets were bulging with sod, the young man in question replied in wonderment that he was only collecting divers' dug up by Sammy Sneed to keep as souvenirs.

The Shark and John

JOHN LEBROCK, 24, is an apprentice gauge maker for the Singer Manufacturing Company—the sewing machine people—of Elizabethport, N.J., where he lives with his wife and 10-month-old daughter. He has a tattoo reading TRUE LOVE LIVES NOW on his left arm and a tattoo of a dagger on his right forearm. "I got them when I was 12," he says. "Some crazy thing." John Lebrock has been a skin-diver for two years.

On Labor Day, John and his uncle left Elyport's Singer Yacht Club—where John keeps his rowboat *The Slaking Five* ("It's good for nothing but a killy net," he says)—in his uncle's boat for a sand bar off Swinburne Island near the steamship lanes in Lower New York Bay. His uncle was out for fluke: John was going to skin-dive. The sand bar is a good place to skin-dive; the murky water there is only three feet deep during the proper tide. John wore a bathing suit, which he had forgotten and had to go back for, flippers, a scuba, a tank of compressed air, a lead belt weighing 10 pounds, and carried a harpoon gun activated by four elastic bands and equipped with 15 feet of nylon cord. John's uncle recalls that John had a knife with him but John isn't sure; if he did, it was stuck, unheathed, in his belt. When John climbed out of his uncle's boat, he thought he had an hour and a quarter's supply of air in his tank. Two days before, however, John had been skin-diving and, having a good time, had consumed more air than he realized. He had, in fact, only 20 minutes' worth.

After his uncle had drifted off, John submerged and broke open a clam with the handle of his gun to attract fish. John now feels that using the gun as a hammer may have caused it to jam later on. He then



"If you want 10 years of love and tennis like the Kulkarnis, you better stop getting 'dinner, dear.'"

swam slowly into six gloomy feet of water, looking for fluke. "There is no sensory down there to speak of, if you know what I mean," John says. "Anyway, visibility is only three feet, at the most." Then, as he relaxes: "I seen this shadow, what do you call it, a sort of silhouette, and it looked like a sand shark. Now, a shark, you know, is a very calm fish. It was about five feet away, a good range, so I released the safety. It was circling more or less in one place on the bottom but at an angle to me, so I couldn't distinguish the length. I thought it was about four feet long [it turned out, subsequently, to be nearer six]. I pulled the trigger but the gun didn't fire. I guess he heard the noise; they can be pretty noisy; but they're not aggressive fish. I know guys that hang on them for rides."

When the gun didn't fire, John swam quickly up to the now wary shark and, using the gun as a har-

poon, rammed it into it with both hands. "I aimed for the head, about three inches from his face." The shark veered, however, and the harpoon head entered six inches from the tail. "I'd got him good off for a shark," John says. The shark swam furiously off. "I figured I'd hang on and play him out," John says. "The faster they run, you know, the more blood they'll pump out. He was swinging all over the place and trying to attempt to rag me with his tail, you know what I mean. Then I found I didn't have my knife. If I did have it, I must have lost it because it wasn't in a scabbard. Then one of the elastic let loose and slapped him and made him twice as fast off for a shark. He kept swinging his tail back and forth and it was only a foot and a half from my face. I was scared he would belt me one with it."

"But I was helping him, kicking

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

with him as he yanked me around. Sometimes I was on my back dragging over the sand on the tank. Hey, I was having fun. It felt like underwater skiing. He was trying to find depth, going toward water maybe 10, 20 feet deep. Maybe he figured he could shake me off. I don't know how sharks think. Then I realized I had almost no air left, and I started to get rattled. I should have had a float. I was figuring on playing in shallower water that day, but not having a float, an inner tube or something on a long piece of line, was another terrific mistake like not having a scuba-bard. With a float he could have dragged me anywhere and I would have stayed on the surface and everything would have been all right. The first thing that worried me, and here I am running out of air, is losing a heavy couple-dollar gun. Then I said the ball with the gun and let it go, but the line had been hanging down and it tangled around my feet and around my waist, where it snarled like, and there I was lying on my back being pulled by my feet! I kept trying to bend over and free the line but it was like trying to touch your feet when you're hanging upside down on a monkey bar. We were 30 feet down, going along the bottom, and he kept kicking up sand with his tail, making it twice as murky as it already was.

"Then I ran out of air. I spit out" the mouthpiece. Oh, I was getting awful tired. I figured I could hold my breath for two minutes at the most. I was kicking my feet trying to un-snarl myself and cursing at the shark. "You damn shark," and swallowing water like a son of a gun every time I'd open my mouth to yell like a dope. I finally remembered to keep my big mouth shut. And the water was going up my nose and making me nauseated. Finally I freed myself, and as I was coming up to the surface I seen the gun sticking in him as he went hanging along the bottom, kicking up sand and everything and the dark blood streaming out of him. But when I released my weight belt it got snarled up in my diving gear and I couldn't get my harness off. I couldn't stay up because of the

weight of my belt, tank and gear, so I sank 30 feet down to the bottom. Then up again. At first I could stay up for a couple of minutes, but after that not so much. When I went down I latched myself toward some cabin cruisers I'd seen. I kept bouncing up and down. When I got to the bottom in shallower water I crawled along keeping a course toward the boats. It was impossible to swim. You had to keep flapping your arms like an idiot just to stay up and get air. I was exhausted. When I got in 12 feet of water, I was yelling "Help" and "Hey, you" any time I came up. I must have bounced 25 more times until this boat heard me. A little kid, he must have been 12 years old, swam out to me and I put my hands on his shoulders and we both went down. So I pushed him away. I figured I had only one more bounce left, so I wasn't going to drag him with me. He was just a kid, a pretty spunky kid, too. I wasn't panicking then, but I knew I was going to. I was worried still about losing the gun, and my mother being mad—she signed for the tank which I bought on time, and I thought she'd feel responsible for my death—you know the way mothers are—and the stupid way I did everything, and how it was going to be when I died. The last time I went down I said to myself, "It ain't so bad. I just give up." Someone reached me with a line but I went down. I figured that was it, but I managed to

push up off the sand again and they dragged me to the boat and hoisted me out of the water."

John Lamarruk spent two days in Staten Island Hospital but is now back at the plant, where "the guys give me a lot of love. But it taught me a lesson: abide by the book; don't try to break the code of safety. Don't ever go out alone, have a float, don't use your gun as a hammer, carry a knife—if I had a knife, I was close enough to throw a couple of stabs into the joker and kill him—and I could have cut myself free."

Does John still want to skin-dive? "I would have gone today," he told a *Sevens* insurance reporter, "but I couldn't get up two bucks for air, you know what I mean."

Spot for a Fix

SINCE the sponsors are paying \$10 million a year to bring baseball into your living room, it seems fair enough to let them bring the commercials too, but, as somebody once said, there's a right time for everything. And more often than we can learn to enjoy it the baseball TV people keep giving us commercials just when we're trying to keep both eyes on the ball. If you were watching the Senators beat the Yankees 6-3 the other night you've probably guessed already the play we have in mind.

In the fifth inning Russ Kemmerer, the Washington pitcher, came to bat and surprised everybody, including himself, by hitting the ball to the scoreboard in right center field. It looked like a triple, and sure enough, Kemmerer slid into third in plenty of time. Whereupon, as Kemmerer picked himself up, an umpire puzzlingly called him out.

"It's O-G-U-U-T!" roared an Announcer Mel Allen. "Didn't touch second, but I'll have to tell you about it later"—and he served up the stinging commercial.

Was there a chuckle on the field? What did Kemmerer's face look like? You got a look at foaming beer instead.

Just now, with TV trying to clean up the fix talk about quit above, here's an area that could do with a fix.



Prize Catch

The walleye he caught was a featherman's job.

But the boat was too narrow and short, so he boarded the walleye and cried "Ahoy."

And sailed it away to port.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



In fall slacks

"ORLON"
AN ORLON BRAND
**ADDS THE
 FUTURE**

Designed for the Jet Age, these fine slacks have the scientific advantage of "Orlon"® acrylic fiber. "Orlon" gives fall slacks a rich look and feel... lighter-weight comfort plus wrinkle recovery... crease and shape retention... longer wear. You'll find slacks made with "Orlon" in a variety of patterns and styles. See them today.

"SEVEN SEAS" socks are made of washed Ewings of 70% "Orlon" and 30% wool. These slacks have the added advantage of wrinkle-free wrinkle-free. About \$12.95 at fine stores everywhere.

*"Orlon" is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Delaware, U.S.A.
 Ewings is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Delaware, U.S.A.



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
 DUPONT CHEMISTRY





FLOWING PARADES IN A FLORIDA RIVER, POWERBOATS SYMBOLIZE THE BOOM THAT CREATED NEED FOR FEDERAL BOATING LAW

CONGRESS BLEW THE WHISTLE

AFTER two years of testimony and study, Congress has passed a sensible powerboat bill. The Federal Boating Act of 1988 is not going to turn the country's waterways into well-policed thoroughfares, with every boater staying in lane and carefully signaling his turn. But at least it marks the beginning of some kind of control over the traffic problems created by the 10-year boating boom. Fishermen, swimmers, water skiers and water-borne hot rodents, all

operating in the same body of water, have been finding for some time now that their interests conflict, often dangerously. The Bonner Bill (its sponsor is Representative Herbert C. Bonner of North Carolina) is the first effective step toward straightening out the mess.

Hereafter, if you own a boat whose motor packs more than 10 horsepower, it is going to have large, legible numbers painted on both sides of its bow. And if you cut too close to a swimmer, or swamp some playful fisherman's rowboat with your wake, he can take down your boat's number and you may be fined up to \$100.

This can happen, that is, if you are operating your boat in the navigable waters of the U.S. The country's navigable waters have never been precisely defined, but in general they include salt water, rivers which flow to the sea, the Great Lakes and bodies of water bounded by two or more states. Walden Pond is not navigable water, and neither are hundreds of other lakes in which thousands of motorboats operate. Control over this non-navigable water, however, may eventually be set up by the states. In many cases it exists already.

Representative Bonner and a good many other people interested in boating hope that the new federal boating law will be taken as a pattern by states that have none, and some degree of uniformity thus achieved.

The Bonner Bill gives the authority for handing out tickets and collecting fines to the U.S. Coast Guard. The Secretary of the Treasury (under whose department the Coast Guard operates) will alert to the states a series of numbers which they may issue to boat owners. Each craft will receive a pocket-size certificate of number which the law enforcement officer will want to see when he blows the whistle on a speeding motorboat. The certificate, like drivers' licenses, will be acceptable for a limited period in states other than the one that issued them.

Operators of boats of 10 horsepower or less won't be required to register their craft and have them numbered. This means that about half the motorboats in the country will remain anonymous. Even so, the Bonner Bill affects the most powerful half of the country's pleasure boats and is the badly needed first step toward overall boating safety.



SPONSOR BONNER (ABOVE: "SAVING")

DO YOU DARE RISK A SHOWER?

You can, if you're **SAFER** with **SYL-MER**

Weather's always permitting, with Sylmer's in your life. You're safer when it rains, safe from spots and stains, when clothes have this built-in protection. Sylmer also makes look more luxurious, safer to the touch, resistant to wrinkling. Be safer with Sylmer. Don't be persuaded you are really getting this luxury silicone finish unless you are the Sylmer tag, mark of the finest fabric protection there is. Look for it when buying full-fashions. Don Corning Corporation, Holland, Michigan.

Men's "Hatsman" Coat from Don's Men's Store; Woman's Coat from March & May's, both in colors protected by Sylmer.

AN AUTUMN OUTDOORS feature available at stores listed on page 60

The "Race of Two Worlds" . . . Monza, Italy



NEW 166.72 M.P.H. WORLD RECORD SET

World's fastest race proves the extra mileage and extra safety you get with Firestone Rubber-X!

On Monza's steep-banked, sweeping concrete curves and stretched-out straightaways, top lap speeds of 170 m.p.h. and above are routine! This year's winning driver Jim Rathmann averaged a record 166.72 m.p.h. That's almost 33 m.p.h. faster than the winning average of the 1958 Indianapolis "500" mile race . . . 6 miles an hour

faster than the record set last year at Monza in the first "Race of Two Worlds."

Here in the world's ultimate test of drivers, cars and tires, the Firestone Rubber-X formula again proved its all-around toughness. Here, where King Speed makes even a ripple in the concrete strip kick with a cannon's recoil, Firestone tires outlasted and outran all others.

By pushing Firestone tires to the absolute limit, by a punishing pace that literally shattered shock absorbers and snapped steel frames—Firestone engineers got



Firestone placed first, and a host of 20 top drivers finished races on Firestones!

ON FIRESTONE TIRES!

positive proof, Firestone Rubber-X, teamed with exclusive Firestone S/F (Safety-Fortified) cord, withstands heat, wear and impact—brings you and your family a new kind of safety every mile you drive.

When you're planning the purchase of a new car, or tires for your present car, get the extra wear and safety margin Firestones offer. Only Firestones have been safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway. Buy now, on convenient terms if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

Copyright 1955, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company

Enjoy the Voice of Firestone every Monday evening on ABC television.

Herewith a special preview of sports fashions for the fall

of 1988—what's new and how, when and where to wear it

Clothes that fit the scene

Photographs by Starland

THE shadowy backgrounds on these and the next four pages are pictures from past issues of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* blown up big as life. Setting the background scene for the apple-eating model at right, for instance, is a pregame football picnic at Yale. All of which is a visual device for making the point that fitting into the picture is a prime requisite of 1988 fall sports clothes. Knowing what to wear is an important part of the sportsman's know-how, whether participant or spectator. The purpose of this preview is to give sportswomen, male and female, more know-how about clothes as they prepare to dress for fall.

The women's fashions are the work of this year's nominees for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s annual American Sportswear Design Awards. Of 24 nominees, 22 are represented. The other two, Rose Marie Reid and Margot

Fellegi of Cole of California, are designers of swim suits and will be represented in a winter preview of resort and winter-sports clothes.

The designs of the ASDA designers are without peer in the world of sport fashion. They are casual clothes that derive from the American sports scene (hence the sportswear backgrounds) and continue the trend-setting work of the past 25 years from such designers as the late Claire McCardell, Sydney Wragg, Bonnie Cashin and Mrs. Reid, the first four winners of the annual ASDA award for continuously contributing to the American Sporting Look.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

OVER WOMAN FOLLOWED \$22 with tweed trousers, \$15 in jeans. Jeanne Campbell (Sportsworld). Bags are Pappagallo's (\$15).



SHOOTING OUTRY by Mary Blair (White Stag has print of Reeves Hawthorn depicting 1976). Coat corduroy pants (\$28).



SEASIDE CRUISE of Lanford's black-and-white plaid (\$25) in Morgan Faeth's (David Crystal); Mr. John's for hat.



PAGE WOLF ABOUT \$60 in John Worn's (Printemps Square) mixing of Dalg's Dymple fabric. Red flannel pants (\$12).





STADIUM COAT of wool's hair (\$15), lined for warmth at full skirts, and flaring hem—\$59 are designed by Jane Ford (Sportswear). Desert boots are Clark's (\$12).



FLARED KNITTED COAT (\$99) is the Goldilocks Goldstone Sports wear Corp. idea of what to wear to the races. Sally Victor supplies the red fox hat (\$68); F. Miller, the Calcutta lined pumps (\$56).

AFTER-SUN COVERALL of printed wool mohair (\$55) is suggested by Tom Higgins (Sportswear) to wear while sunbathing with a fur beach bag (Abercrombie & Fitch, \$345).



DIVIDED SALT—(olive-green plaid) (\$65), wool, galloose-ribbed, and nylon stretch bested (\$85) are a practical base for skaters; designed by Rice (Haymaker). Off the ice: Capelin's green overalls (\$10).



PLAID DRESS (#351) knitted by the Lazare (Kimberly Halsewear) is appropriately elegant with Kenne's mohair platter hat (#79.00) at the recent Westinghouse Dog Show in Madison Square Garden.



LOOSELY KNIT for the lady who takes her sports on "A" has jeweled sweater's belt and chiffon overdress (#88) by Kenne Barr (Kenne Classics). Sandals are Bernardo's (#11).

SPECTATOR SUIT of plaid brooking colors by Tina Lenz (Tina Lenz, Inc.) has honey jacket, high-waisted (sage) skirt (#86), silk craps overdress (#25). Hat copies driver's, is from Mr. John (#67.50).



SPECTATOR'S CASHMERE (#57) in honey silhouette are designed by Helene Maddock (Helene Maddock of Fowlkes) to go with Stella Stout's (Stout Co.) camel's-hair wrap skirt (#36).



SPORTS PANTS (100 in. B—see design (Fildig 814) are for relaxing, East or West. The Mark Cross silk shirt is \$12.50.



MODERN SWIMSUIT by Inland Swims (Hedges Ltd.) captures chrysothorax colors, has a waist that dips in back (445).



SHOWING SUIT from the Deylows (428) has mink collar, matching wool tweed coat (\$245). Mr. John mink boots in \$185.



OUTSIDE SUIT of cable cord (428) for nuptial nights, by Pembroke Squares (Mr. Mori), is matched with Capote.



WIDE TRUMP SUIT 195 by Elia, Hrova (Glenham) might be seen at sports car races. The plaid hat is Mr. John's (355).



ROLL-UP COAT (428) for the stadium by Vera Maxwell (Vera Maxwell, Inc.) has a matching fur-lined knee robe (490).

It, when you set out for the local emporium, football games are uppermost in your mind, it is good to be prepared for the news in spectators' sports suits. These have moved quite away from the expected, practical designs and in some cases are even rather hard to recognize as suits. The **WALKING SUIT**, for instance (see *accompanying photo*) is made of coat-weight fabric and its jacket is almost coat-length. **BOYS' JACKET SUITS** are the newest silhouette for spectator sports, and these make a point of the bright pullover visible beneath the jacket. The newest tweeds are the Irish types, which have a bulky look and big colorful flecks.

Closely related to the walking suit is the familiar **TOPCOAT**, which this year is likely to have a matching skirt. For a complete costume, some of these coats even have matching lap robes, elegant when trimmed with fur and useful for stadiums and sports cars.

SPORTS SKIRTS are fashionable at three new levels: 1) The **SHORT-SKIRT** skirt, cut off about two inches above the knee, is the newest and already a stylish alternate to Bermuda shorts. These skirts almost have to be worn with **teeshirts**, knitted one-piece garments which fit like a second skin from waist to toe, and as such are warm, comfortable and glamorous.

2) **STREET LENGTH** for skirts are shorter this year: 18 to 17 inches from the floor is average. They also are likely to be attached to slip tops, a device which means they hang from the shoulders and skim by rather than fit the waist. With these skirts are worn short pullover blouses or sweaters which end above the waistline.

3) The floor-length **SWANKY SKIRT**, best when done in sports fabrics such as tweeds or plaid wools, is taking hold not only in the hinterlands but in the city as well.

With shorter skirts, the **SPORTS STOCKING** is now a definite necessity. There are several members of this new little family. There are not only low-tops, but above-knee stockings with elastic at the top which come high enough to be worn with short skirts. Stockings in bright opaque cottons can be worn with any sports skirt. Newest and most elegant for the lady spectator are the fancy-knit, run-proof nylon stockings in muted colors which blend in with fall fabrics.

PANTS, the mainstay of an active sports wardrobe, are going through changes in silhouette, too. Tapered pants are even more fitted and more tapered, in fabrics which stretch due to inclusion of Helanca yarns. These trousers have built-in heels, or straps to go under the feet, to give a ski-pants look. At the opposite extreme are **SLACKS**, with flared legs, usually

for lounge wear, or with cuffs, a detail out of style for some seven years.

In a class by itself in the pants division are the **KICKERS**, now in a flattering, tapered style, that buckle just below the knee. Skiers have made a fad of kickers, and with new cable-patterned or brightly argyled knee socks, they are a fashion that will go well on a fall golf course, or in collegiate circles on bicycles.

Over all this pantodex, the newest **JACKERS** are **unmistakable**. Either as hooded pullovers or ponchos, they are natural companions to the slip-top skirts and the many one-piece pants outfits such as coveralls.

Other top news centers around sweaters, which go two ways this fall. The sports sweater of the year is the **LONG PULLOVER** (see page 47), usually a bulky knit, such as mohair, which is any length from almost-below-the-hips to knee-length, where it might have a drawstring and be worn as a dress. The opposite trend is the **STRAIGHT-SHIRTED SHORT SWEATER** in a fine-gauge yarn such as cashmere, which falls just to the point where flared skirts move away from the figure. Also of the moment with sweaters is a **MATCHING SCARF**, looped around the neck or even bashed in at the end and worn as a stocking cap.

TURN THE PAGE FOR A NEW SHAPE IN MEN'S FASHIONS



PULLOVER of Hergott's Helanca-knitted mohair plaid (\$29) in Greta Flannery's topper for a black turtle-neck coverall (\$30).



JACKET of Hergott's Helanca-knitted top of a casual skirt of pleated Funge Mills plaid (\$25); outfit by Tani Owen.



STRET-LOOSE hood of Sargent Robert's blue kidskin coat (\$249) makes this leather-tipped warm enough for deep winter.

Jaunty new shapes for men

THE makers of men's fashions this fall have wrought almost as many changes as the designers of the autumnal gallery on the preceding pages. Just as the natural-shouldered, sack-suited lines of so-called Ivy League clothing have taken hold as far west of Yale as Anchorage, a new shape in shaping up. The look is European in inspiration—borrowed from England and Italy—more fit, more flare. But it is tailored with an American casualness that makes it an easy and logical fashion step from the ubiquitous gray flannel suit.

On this page, Olympic Track Star Bill Albano, who won the All-America in football, basketball and track at North Carolina, represents the urban aspect of this new look. His bowler hodes to be this fall's successor to summer's big revival, the straw boater. In its new version, the derby is of soft, lightweight fur felt, narrow and curled of brim. It is the logical topper to the big coat news of fall: the American version of the British warm, a popular coat in England since officers sported it, with epaulets, in World War I. Its suppression at the waist, its peaked lapels, its double-breasted closing are almost as trend-setting as its length—just to the knee. Through its influence, all coats are shorter this fall. As worn by Bill, it is of the traditional officer's "pink." It is also seen in tweeds and hock-mocking and moves casually to stadiums or race meets. Bill's accessories are perfect accompaniments: a tab-collared shirt; a Macclesfield silk checked tie; French made gloves; a silk foulard handkerchief; and squared-off shoes, a Johnston & Murphy adaptation of the latest Italian style. His young racquet companion is 424-year-old Lloyd Kinner Jr. For other details of the 1938 look and a first view of the most revolutionary fashion development of the fall, see the following pages.

BILL ALBANO: COAT—pink, gray, navy, brown, black (H&M, Debut). His British warm is of Warrumbie wanted (H&M, James Gibbes) Hathaway shirt.



LIVING IN A SUITCASE! Easiest way to get around and so soon to advantage. To better or not...
be classily, so perfectly Kimberly... knowingly kn2 of looped colored-wool. About \$55. Higher in the West.



Kimberly

KNITTED FASHIONS
1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK C/11

AN AUTUMN OUTDOORS feature available at stores listed on page 60

Country counterpart to the new shaping takes an equestrian bent. Here at Pennsylvania's Rose Tree Hunt are four examples—two suits, two jackets. Their detailing is directly inspired by English-cut hacking jackets: slanting pockets and back venting, both originally designed for saddle comfort. But each is distinctive, not carbon copies as men's wear has tended to be.



COUNTRY SUIT is ofhound's-tooth blending of 66% wool and 40% Orlon. It has extremely high collar, vent, flared skirt of riding jacket. Joe Rosenberg Tailor has Canadian goose print (\$24, Norford Clothes).

CONTINENTAL SUIT of fluid worsted has Italian-inspired shorter jacket, side vents, cuffs-on sleeves, peaked lapels—an important full silhouette. It has no flaps on pockets (\$75, Chester Louis).



LOOSE JACKET has imaginative pocket and back detailing, blowing shoulder pins (\$85, John Alexander). Tweed hat is full highlight (\$18, Strickland).



RAV HILL JACKET won Cassell-Henry Award as the best jacket of the year for its beautifully executed detailing of pockets, back (\$110, Baker).

WHENEVER

YOU SEE A REALLY SMART WOMAN TRAVELING

SHE'LL UNDOUBTEDLY

BE WEARING

SOMETHING LEATHER

DESIGNED BY BONNIE CASHIN FOR PHILIP SILLS

At Lord and Taylor, Neiman-Marcus, Malou Mendessolle, Menaldi's

Nylon cocklebur: fashion find of '58

Fall's most important innovation
came from a walk in the woods



When Georges de Mestral took a walk in the woods near Geneva, Switzerland, one autumn day, an idea for the most revolutionary closure since the zipper began to germinate in his inventive mind. De Mestral's imagination was sparked by the posthumous clinging of cockleburs on his socks and pants. The end result is called the Velcro fastener, which is the fashion innovation of the fall of 1958. It consists of one strip of cloth on which there are myriad tiny nylon hooks and another on which there is a pile of nylon loops. When pressed smoothly together, they cling just as the burr did to de Mestral's clothing. Unlike cockleburs, when pulled apart from top to bottom or bottom to top, the hooks release as easily as a zipper. The first garment to feature a Velcro closure, the poplin golf jacket on this page (522, Saks Fifth Avenue) has passed rigid tests, will hold in action, last the garment's lifetime. Before winter, Velcro will be giving smooth, bulkiest fastening to every form of men's and women's wear—thanks to a walk in nature.



"What's the secret of your beautiful swing?"



"I'm wearing it! GOOD NEWS by Warner's"



The back can't budge
so the front stays up

The free and easy feeling of a perfect swing—unhindered, unrestricted—that's really a way of describing Good News by Warner's! No straps to strap your style, or cut your shoulder! Simply a gentle sling-like neck or play, all year round.

The back is one long line of cotton-lined latex-free Good News® can't slip or slide, ever! No more embarrassing tugs that interfere with your game, or the way you look in pretty off-the-shoulder dresses.

First choice, in an assortment of styles, for all fashions. And be sure to use the wonderful newslip Good News pants grille, too! At your nearest store.



New Good News pants grille—backless, bonded legs that never ride up. #775 White, \$12.50.

Left: Deep plunge, unlined, four-lined cotton cups, 11011. White or black, \$8.50.

AN AUTUMN OUTDOORS feature available at stores listed on page 60



To a baseball fan, the month of September is historically—and sometimes hysterically—a time to be spent in fervent observation of the major-league pennant races, game by game and pitch by pitch. In the first week of September 1939, however, he could hardly be blamed for feeling that he had been gypped. Not only was there neither hysteria nor fervor, there wasn't even a pennant race. The Braves and the Yankees were in. There remained, of course, the matter of which team would win the Series, but no baseball fan needs an entire month to make up his mind on that.

AMERICAN LEAGUE



PETE RUNNELS

A left-handed slap hitter (only 23 home runs in eight seasons), the slender 28-year-old Red Sox second baseman (and sometimes first baseman) has been the big surprise of the 1938 batting race. Hitting only .268 on June 13, he began to streak, was up to .321 by the middle of July, has remained in that vicinity or slightly above ever since. Led race by eight

points in late August, but near-draconian Labor Day performance (4 for 10) cost him seven points. Occasional hot streak and generally consistent performance in between are in his favor. Against him are past records: except for 1935, when he hit .310 for Senators, Runnels has never averaged more than .285 for any one of seven previous big-league years, entered '38 with lifetime average of only .274.

5-2



HARVEY KUENN

Below .300 only once in five previous major-league seasons (last year when he hit .277), the big, tobacco-chewing Tiger outfielder went into 1938 with a lifetime average of .304, has been improving that figure steadily all year. Best season was 1936 when he finished behind only Mantle and Williams with an average of .302. This year he moved right into the top 10

batters' list on Opening Day, has been there ever since. A sharp, line-drive hitter with above-average speed, he gets few home runs but riles singles and doubles to all fields, almost never falls into a protracted slump. Arm injury which put him on bench August 30 did not turn out to be serious, could actually have been a blessing in disguise by affording a quick breather before last-minute drive.

7-2



TED WILLIAMS

The most spectacular hitter in baseball in the past 28 years, the colorful and controversial Red Sox slapper is after his sixth American League batting championship at the age of 48. His amazing .406 in 1941, came back 17 years and two wars later to hit almost equally amazing .358 for best average since. His lifetime average of .340 is highest among active players,

exactly 18 points above Mantle. Off to a poor start this year, partly because of injuries and illness, he came on strong in midseason, held steady through August, was out of lineup in early days of September with sore throat. Well rested now, he should be ready for strong finish. Although a fierce competitor, Williams has produced some of his most emotional strikes in the last month of the season.

4-1



VIC
POWER

0-1



BOB
CERV

0-1



BILLY
GOODMAN

10-1



MIKEY
MANTLE

39-1

But now suddenly, as if to atone for its other omissions, the 1988 season has produced another and entirely different breed of excitement, a competition not among teams but among men: the hottest two-league batting race that baseball has seen in years. In some ways it appeared almost as if the pennant races had run their course and moved aside just so attention could focus on the double handful of skilled hitters hanging away in their ever-changing, day-by-day battle for the twin prizes: a batting title can bring: the silver bat, treasured emblem of champions, and

a pot of gold (which usually takes the form of a fabulous increase when contract time rolls around next spring).

The two leagues offer a fascinating study in contrast. On the one hand the National League line is clearly drawn among four men, each a former champion, each a great hitter in his own right and in his own way. The American League, on the other hand, features six strong contenders of widely different backgrounds—a multiple champion, another who won the big prize once years ago, two who have come close and a final pair who in seasons past have had all of the

competition they could use just trying to crack a starting lineup. And finally there is a seventh who by virtue of his tremendous talents, as well as the fact that he isn't completely out of it yet, must at least rate a thoughtful nod.

Just as fascinated as anyone else, Sports Illustrated's baseball staff offers a thumbnail sketch of the top contenders, a brief insight into their chances with almost three weeks still to go and, if the reader should happen to be a betting man, some speculative but well-considered odds just in case he wants to back his favorite.

NATIONAL LEAGUE



STAN MUSIAL

This venerable, 55-year-old Cardinal declined ranks among greatest National League hitters of all time, has eight set on eight batting championships which would tie Hank Wagner's league record. Best year was 1948 (.378), won last year with .361. Had tremendous start this spring, was up around .300 until he gained 3,000th major league hit in May,

then slowed down. Always hits very well in September, has been resting frequently this year for first time in long career, but is now suffering from leg injury which may hurt his chances. Even healthy, lacks great speed of other three, makes up for it with perhaps sharper eye in all baseball, marvelous timing, willingness and ability to sacrifice his famed power for sharp line drives to all fields.

2-1



HENRY AARON

Perhaps the least natural hitter in the game today, the 40th, young (24) Braves outfielder with the vicious, wrist-popping swing has already won one batting championship, seems to improve every year. Still apparently far from his peak, the .313 lifetime average (four seasons) and single-season high of .328 in 1966 hardly seem to represent his true poten-

tial. Off to a miserable start this year, he was hitting only .263 on June 20. Then, almost unnoticed, he began to move up and suddenly, on Labor Day, there he was in the .330s. A notorious hot-ball hitter, less steady than Musial or Ashburn—he occasionally has a bad slump—he is also subject to stalling streaks which could, in a matter of two or three days, put him well out ahead of the pack.

5-2



RICHIE ASHBURN

Batting champ in 1955 (.358) and runner-up to Musial in '54 (.344), the blond center fielder of the Phillies enters the final weeks of his 11th big league season with an awful lot on his side. An entirely different type of batsman than the proven-hitter Musial, Aaron and Mays, he is a craftsman at the plate, a master of finesse, punching a double down the

left field line from his choked-up, left-handed stance, keeping a single into short right field, bawling out a blast with his quick getaway and furious speed. Cool and a tough competitor, he seldom strikes out, swings at few bad pitches, is less likely to plunge into a useless slump. On the other hand, Ashburn is not a good bet for one of those 5-for-5 days which the other three occasionally provide.

7-2



WILLIE MAYS

The most exciting—and quite likely the best all-around—player in either league, it is an indication of his vast talents that Giant fans can look at Mays' .299-plus average and say that he is having a bad year. Well over .400 and in hot pursuit of Musial early in the season, he slumped along with Stan, has only recently begun to hit the ball hard again. Because the

reunited young Giant center fielder has had his slump, and because he is capable of such tremendous hitting streaks—even more spectacular than Aaron's—Mays is in good shape to win his second championship. And while all four contenders are exceptional September hitters, records of the past four years prove that Willie is the best of all: .360 to Aaron's .353, Ashburn's .342 and Musial's .348.

4-1



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Why ignore the evidence?

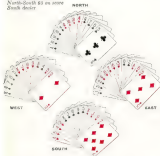
As a longtime Philadelphia lawyer, I lead a sympathetic ear when attorneys complain about the effect of delays caused by crowded court calendars. Too often, by the time a case is called for trial, key witnesses have disappeared or forgotten.

Yet brain surgeons have recently confirmed what psychiatrists have always held: nothing is really forgotten. Everything your five senses experience is recorded on an endless tape, available if you touch the right button.

In bridge the trick lies in finding the button to touch and also in making use of the information thus recalled. In today's case, for an example, East lost the verdict through failure to re-examine the testimony offered by the opposing side.

The bidding was laced with the competitive spice so often added when one side aces a part score. North might have denied himself the fleeting pleasure of doubling the one-spade bid. Somebody was sure to run out,

Rob side vulnerable
North-South 60 on score
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	1♠	DOUBLE	PASS
2♠	2♣	2♠	2♥
2♠	PASS	PASS	4♥
DOUBLE	PASS	2♠	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening leads: diamond 3

whereas a raise to two clubs—enough for game—might silence the heart suit which North could be sure the opponents must command.

Later in the auction, North had no more stomach for the double of hearts than his partner had showed for the earlier double of spades. As it happens, the four-heart bid could be punished to the tune of 540 points. If North heeded the bidding and opened the ace of spades, South could ruff the next spade and put his partner back on lead with a club while he still had a trump to ruff the third spade trick. But these two ruffs would be somewhat offset by the saving of a diamond trick: declarer would be able to throw East's small diamonds on his good spades.

However, North and South found no fault with their profits at five clubs. East won the diamond opening and returned the suit. To his disappointment, West produced the dross of diamonds instead of the hoped-for trump. Declarer knocked out West's ace of clubs and was able to trump two losing hearts in dummy and discard the third low heart on North's ace of spades. The defenders collected only their two minor-suit aces and North and South collected 740 for game and rubber.

West's opening lead was the only one that offered a chance to set the contract. If East had ducked the first diamond, West would win the first round of trumps with his ace and then lead the diamond dross. East's ace would win and a third diamond, ruffed by West, would now put declarer down. "But your 3 spot was such a low one," East allied. "How could I tell it was not a singleton?"

East had forgotten, or ignored, the testimony of his opponent's bidding. If West held only one diamond, South must have five to the king-jack. With such a holding, South would have opened the bidding with one diamond, not one club. So West is marked with two diamonds, and East must realize that he can keep the entry he needs to give his partner a ruff only by holding the diamond ace to win the second lead of the suit.

EXTRA THICK

Unless you think the opponents are making a psychic bid in order to steal your suit, don't double a bid you know cannot be left in. Note that if North had bid two clubs instead of doubling one spade, East might have been pushed into raising the spades. Quite likely the opponents never would have mentioned their heart suit and North might have had a whack at a three-spade or even a four-spade contract.

Exit Art, laughing

Life was a gag, despite Basilio and a Texas prison server

SOME YEARS AGO the prizefighter Art Aragon delivered himself of the blistering opinion that his chosen profession was a cruel and dirty business and he would quit it in a second if he could think of some other way of making a living without working.

The fight crowd held its sides and laughed hollowly. That Art was a great kiddier, always making with the funnies, was the interpretation. Everybody knew Art was living the rich, good life. He had a fancy horse, a wife, a car, three kids. He even had his own radio show.

Nobody liked to hark in the glory of the ring more than Art. He loved to swagger in front of the crowds between fights when he would be introduced as "Golden Boy," his curly locks carefully coiled, his hard young body swathed in silk, and his wrists and neck dangling enough bangles to keep a Ubangi tribe happy.

Art had it made, having everything a man could want, in the view of his associates. He liked a few drinks of expensive whiskey before dinner and a few after, for that matter. Some of his most spectacular fights were refereed by bartenders. The opponent once turned out to be a cop—which took a lot of the fun out of it.

Art loved show people and show business, of which he considered himself a part. He loved the fast humor of the vaudeville comedian and soon picked it up and became expert at it. He would rather make a joke than win a fight, and he could always talk faster than he could punch. Unfortunately, the contests in the ring weren't debates or "ran you top this?" but elemental struggles of strength. Art was not completely hopeless at this but, all things considered, he would rather play it for comedy, and on the occasions he was called upon to practice his craft legitimately one of two things would hap-

pen: a) he would get knocked half senseless by someone more proficient than he—a description applying to more than half the prizefighters extant; or b) he would wind up so badly cut that his claude profile looked more like a Polynesian death mask than a machine idol.

But Art shrewdly bailed his reputation along by having fights in between where neither eventuality was in prospect. He did this often in out-of-town dates, places like Albuquerque, N.Mex, where he was born, or San Bernardino, where he had driven through in his gaudy Cadillac. He took three hours on condition that he could bring his own opponent. It's usual in such cases for fighters to bring their own brothers—or their mothers if they can get away with it. Art usually brought an old school chum name of Joey Barnum. Art even loved the joke when the wags suggested he should change his name to Bailey.

Art's antics inevitably cost him his marriage when he began indiscreetly showing up at sporting events with young ladies who were definitely not

sparring partners. Then, a year and a half ago his good life almost came crashing down around his cauliflower-ered ears when a judge sentenced him to one to five years for trying to bring his own opponent, fully briefed and rehearsed, to Texas for a fight. Art was up to his cut eyebrows in debt when the appellate court reversed the decision and the district attorney's office did not press for a rematch.

Art then knew he was stuck with the fight game at least until he could bail out. He desperately needed that one more big pay night. Time was running out, alimony was imminent, and Art had to cash in at least one more big pot before leaving the game.

Aragon's matchmakers came up with a daring plan. Carmen Basilio, a swarthy brawler with a face like the sharp edge of a machete and flats to match, needed a fight. He had just had two American meetings with Sugar Ray, he had got an "eye" in the last one, and (they told the public) he just might be exhausted as a front-line contender. Even his style, wide-open, wild-swinging, might be made to order for Art. On a note of high optimism, the fight was made. Art promptly moved out to the desert of San Jacinto to train and promised faithfully to stay away from the limelight for the six weeks before fight night. Characteristically, when he slipped into town he didn't do it quietly. He was observed trying to warm up pitchers in the Dodgers' bullpen one night, and he dropped in at a watering place where he ran into



RELIVING ARAGON'S BOOY WITH A BACKWING AS LONG AS BLINDING SUGAR RAY'S

his lawyer-manager on another. All his friends doubled up with laughter.

Art lived it up with the press. What especially was he working on in camp, one writer wanted to know. "Self-defense!" Art told him artlessly. "If you were going to fight Basilio, what would you be working on?" When he met Basilio at the weigh-in, Carmen asked him idly how things were going. "Not so good," growled Art. "Both my wife and my girl friend are here."

Only one thing went according to plan. Despite the fact the fight went on at 7 p.m. to satisfy eastern television, Wrigley Field was nearly full, 22,500 fans paying a record California gate of \$236,321.16.

Art was in the ring a full 18 minutes before the main event. He wasn't nervous; there was a process server from Texas hovering around the dressing-room area. Art is being sued for not going through with the fight which ultimately brought him in court on bribery charges.

The crowd had come not in the hopes Aragon could beat Basilio but hoping he could give him a fight. Alan, Aragon, never very good, was just a shell of his former mediocre self. His timing was off. His left hook, which he can deliver only after taking a stance like a batter waiting for a pitch, bounced harmlessly off Basilio's face. And Basilio was relentless. A man who declines a job when a roundhouse hook will do, he was belting Aragon to the body with a backswing as long as Sammy Sneed's off the tee, and his fists were sinking wrist-deep in Art's middle. Two girls in row four were wincing with Aragon. "But Art's in shape," ventured one hopefully. The other girl was doubtful. "You can't overcome 14 years with 5 weeks of training," she said significantly. In the ring the bell rang and Art paused, blinked and swayed to his corner. He looked at his handlers as though to say, "Well, you got me into this. What now?"

There was no out. Aragon, his back arched like a Gila monster, sought to delouse Basilio's horns by working inside. This suited Carmen fine. He gave Art no respite until one of the wild cluster of blows Basilio was aiming fell low. Art promptly declared a holiday himself and assumed the duties of the referee, waving Basilio off while he grimaced in a corner. Basilio, unused to a character like Aragon, was under the impression for a

continued



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BOXING continued

reluctant his opponent had quit. The referee rushed in and, to Aragon's evident lack of enthusiasm, the battle was joined again.

As the rounds went on, Aragon assumed more and more the role of punching bag. His face was torn and bleeding. The girls in row four and, a little farther down, Cheryl Crane, daughter of Lana Turner, couldn't look. "But look at Basilio's face!" cried one. "It's got bumps on it." "Basilio's face was born that way," disclaimed the other.

Occasionally, Aragon lashed out and tried to drive his tormentor off him. But it was useless. Basilio was picking a shortcut. Aragon was just catching it. And he wasn't missing a punch. Basilio couldn't have hit a bag more accurately. "Yah! Hobbie took the fight outta that guy!" jeered one spectator. "I'd a hated to see him before." Joe Louis, at ringside, was one of those who joined in the laugh.

Art went out in the eighth round with neither a whimper nor a bang, just a sense of incomprehension. A towel flattered in the ring but caught on the ring ropes. It didn't matter. Referee Tommy Hart stopped it anyway. Art didn't even permit himself the theatrics of protest but wandered wearily to his corner.

In the dressing room afterward, Basilio explained: "In that last round, I wasn't trying to take him out with a punch. He was cut real bad and he was hurt plenty. I felt kind of sorry for him. Besides he was all elbows then and I didn't want to hurt my hand. He's a tough boy and he's got guts, but he just wasn't as fast as I thought he was."

In his dressing room, the ex-Golden Boy sat relaxed on a table, fully dressed, dark glasses over his cruelly cut eyes. When told what Basilio said, he grinned at the press. "I wasn't as fast as I thought I was," he joked. His trainer, Leo Breen, held forth. "I told Art at the end of the seventh round, I wanted to stop it," he explained. "And he said no." Art looked up, idly curious. "I wonder why?" he said wide-eyed.

The reporters laughed. "Actually," quipped Art, "he said, 'Could we stop the fight?' and I said, 'Please do. Be my guest.'" The press laughed again. Did Art think he could go 12 rounds? was the question. "I was all right," shot back Art. "Only I kept wondering why they had let it go 47 rounds."

Breen shushed him quickly. "These are eastern writers," he said reproachfully. "Oh, all right, 45 rounds," sighed Art. He added, "Maybe I should stick to welterweights. They don't punch as often."

At that, Art's battle wasn't over. "Anybody got the time?" he asked quickly. "4:15," came the answer. "The night's young," said Aragon brightening up. "Anybody know where there's some action?" What did you say before the fight, Art was asked. "I left home and said I thought I'd go take in a fight," said Art. "But it was lousy. I should of stayed home."

He surveyed the reporters. "Will you guys do me a favor?" he suddenly demanded. The reporters looked uncomfortable. "What do you want us to do, Art?" asked one. "I want you to commit yourselves first," commanded Art. The press nodded reluctantly. "O.K.," said Art. "There's a brochure from Texas outside and need I say more? He's gonna serve me with papers which will hold up \$20,000 of my end of the purse. I want you guys to block for me while I bed-and-tee outta here. Actually, he's only a bastard lawyer."

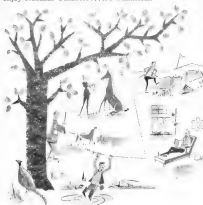
The reporters shrugged and crowded out of the room. It was impossible to tell whether they were really siding with Aragon or whether the quarters were as cramped no other course was possible. Aragon rushed out behind his interlocutors.

"Art Aragon, summons and complaint!" belted the process server, lunging for the fighter. Aragon fled down the stairs from the dressing room to the ball park concourse. A knot of a couple of hundred fans began to cheer. Then their jaws gaped open. Here came their hero flying down the stairs in wild flight from a fatish, hysterical man, waving papers. What made Art's run was not deplorable to his fans. But run Art did. Out into the night, between parked cars, weaving through the crowds of fans streaming out of the park. "Hey, Art," said one baffled observer, "Basilio's gone." But Art didn't stop to joke. He fled. The summons-server was in hot pursuit. But Art's footwork was improved. He disappeared into the night, certainly flying in undignified rout.

In another part of the park, Telecaster Gil Stratton spotted Mrs. Aragon. "How did you like the fight?" he asked innocently. Georgia looked at him. "Fine," she said evenly. "Just fine."

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The car from outer space

GM's missile-shaped dream car has no steering wheel, brake pedal or gas pedal; you just nudge the stick

Futuristic III, an extravagantly themed, double-canopied gas-turbine car, is introduced this week by General Motors. It has as much shock value as any car ever built—"the car which a person may drive to the launching site of a rocket to the moon," as Chief Stylist Harley J. Earl put it. In its styling the Third Bird, 37½ in. Earl's procession of GM dream cars since 1935, is frankly inspired by the work of the missile men, and its shape is futuristic indeed. But the real news is beneath that silver, pearl- and gold-tinted plastic skin:

1) A unique driver-control system featuring a single stick which simulates the conventional steering wheel, brake pedal and accelerator pedal.

2) An electronic guidance system which, on an appropriately rigged roadway, permits hands-off driving.

3) An improved version of GM's regenerative gas-turbine engine, mounted in the rear.

4) A "Little Joe" two-cylinder, 10-hp, front-mounted gasoline auxiliary engine, which provides the power for all accessories.

5) A 110-volt generator which can be used to provide household current in case of storm damage or crippling enemy attack.

6) A remote control system by which the double-habitable canopies over the "passenger capsule" can be opened from some distance away. A sonic "key" carried by the operator sends out a high frequency note to a microphone in the car, which actuates the door-opening mechanisms.

7) Contour seats which represent an enormous advance over Detroit's conventional showroom-bounce bench seats. GM stylists said the usual bench seats may permit a buildup of as much as 70 pounds of pressure per square inch on the backside; this is

what causes the urge to squirm on a long trip. The new seats, which, incidentally, would go over big on a suburban lawn, are designed to limit maximum pressure to three pounds per square inch.

These are not all the goodies on Firebird III, by any means, but they are the most important. The most revolutionary and dramatic single feature is undoubtedly the single stick control. The dozen journalists who attended a preview of the car the other day at General Motors' Desert Proving Ground near Phoenix first rode in it, then tried out the single stick business on a Chevrolet convertible. Wow!

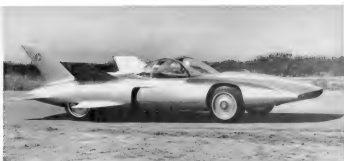
To begin with, the Chevy had no steering wheel or steering column—an obvious safety advantage in case of panic stops which throw the driver forward. The control stick was just

forward of the driver's seatrest. You grasped the knob at the top of the stick gently with the left hand, pushed forward on the stick, and the car accelerated straight ahead. You pushed the stick to the right and the car turned right. You pushed the stick to the left and the car turned left. You hauled back on the stick, and the brakes were on.

The stick had none of the "play" of the conventional Detroit steering wheel. It translated the smallest motion into action at the wheels, and a steady hand was needed to keep the car from zigzagging at low speeds. Any degree of play can be put into the system, however, and a slower response would be better for beginners. Sensitive as it was on the Chevy, the system was fairly easy to control after a few minutes' experimenting. It was a singularly exhilarating experience. On Firebird III the stick is mounted between the seats. As on the Chevy only hand pressure—and not very much of that—is required; the forearm rests on a ledge behind



THE THING that works the steering, brakes and throttle on Firebird III is this small stick. Driver's hand rests on top. Instrument panel shows road and turbine speeds.



CAPE CAVALIER SCHOOL OF STYLING IS EVIDENT IN THE FIREBIRD'S FINE, SMOOTH AND DOUBLE-BUBBLE CANOPIES OVER SEATS

the stick. If the stick's handrest is turned 30° to the right or left the car is in reverse, but the stick functions as before.

That's how it works. Why it does so is a bit more complicated. Here is what GM says (best taken with aspin and a little water):

"Having complete freedom of motion with a four-inch sweep, the stick can produce any possible combination of driving operations. It does this by positioning either or both of two electrical potentiometers attached to its base. One . . . feeds a voltage to an electronic analog computer in the steering system; the other to an electronic system which controls the throttle and brakes.

"The principle of operation is essentially the same for each control channel: for example, the steering system computer receives a signal from the hand control potentiometer, another from a tachometer generator showing car velocity, and a third from an indicator showing front wheel position. From these three signals it computes a stabilizing signal that it flashes to an electrohydraulic control valve on the front wheel servomechanism. This valve regulates the flow of high pressure oil to a power piston that turns the front wheels. The throttle and brakes are similarly controlled by individual computers and servomechanisms."

Check. We now go on to the hand-off guidance system. Given a roadway with a special electrical cable embedded in it, the car is so equipped electronically that it will travel directly above the cable with no steering from within. The driver may ac-

celerate or brake as he desires. Or, by pressing a button, he may order the car to maintain a constant speed.

It is, then, a very clever car, and it has two very interesting engines. The 335-hp gas-turbine engine is asked only to turn the rear wheels. Its operation its gear noise is like the sound of a jet-prop Viscount airplane—a rather piercing whine. It is smaller, simpler, lighter, more economical and more powerful than its predecessor on the Firebird II of 1955. It is not expected to replace the piston engine on passenger cars any time soon, but it may be used on trucks before long. Theoretically, it can move the very heavy (5,575 pounds) Firebird III at a maximum speed of 150 mph. About 94% of the exhaust heat is recovered and used to preheat incoming air (the "gas" of the gas turbine), and this recovery system is what makes the car roadable in ordinary traffic. A straight exhaust system would scorch anything in its way, because the temperature in the combustion chamber goes as high as 1650° F.—hot enough to melt silver.

A WASTEFUL SYSTEM

Of more immediate interest than the turbine engine, however, is the Little Joe engine, because of its obvious possibilities for conventional cars. The multitude of power accessories on today's cars must be able to operate at the standard engine's idling speed, an inherently wasteful system. Little Joe would permit as much driving scrum from such smaller engines and would operate the power accessories at a constant, efficient speed.

The Firebird's Little Joe is a 30-cubic-inch, four-cycle, opposed-piston, 33-pound aluminum engine (the first without liners), with a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch bore and 2-inch stroke, developing its 10 hp at 1,500 rpm. It can be timed by the driver against his return, by the way, to warm or cool the car to a comfortable temperature via heater or air conditioner.

Other innovations from the labs of GM's research chief, Lawrence H. Halstead, who was responsible for the technical side of Firebird III, cannot be dealt with at length here. Not to be overlooked, though, are the light-sensitive electronic system which turns driving lights on and off as required; a very advanced air-oil separator and car-leveling system; a unique wheel-braking system in which the aluminum drums are cast as integral units with the wheels; and air-brake flaps at the rear which are reminiscent of those used on the Mercedes 300SL racing cars at Le Mans in 1955.

The question naturally comes: When will these things go into production? Put to Harley Earl and Larry Halstead by the newsmen at the Arizona proving ground, the question produced only a little lecture against crowding them on the subject of practical applications.

Well, at any rate, Firebird III is startlingly real. It works. It has, as one stylist said, a lot of Barium in it, for show growth (the car will be featured at GM's Motoren, starting October 16 in New York), but it has enough solid new engineering beneath its bubble top to keep car buffs chewing on it for years.



SELECTION COMMITTEE, shown together for the first time in this photograph, pose as Harold Vanderbilt's yacht *Venustie*. From left: Burr Hartman, Charles Harewyger, W. A. W. Stewart, George Thaman, Henry S. Morgan, Vanderbilt, Luke Lockwood.

AMERICA'S CUP

continued from page 11

authority on rigging and considered without peer on the foredeck; she would be sailed by Briggs Cunningham, an outstanding helmsman... the list went on indefinitely. *Columbia* appeared to have everything—yet *Columbia* did not seem to go.

She was a marvelously efficient machine, all body and muscle and brain, but somehow lacking the essential and vital quality that would make her tick. Clearly, coming into the Final Trials, she would have to improve greatly to earn selection.

From the moment the starting gun sounded on Labor Day, it was apparent she was a different boat. Against her, *Woolerly* was belpalm. What had brought about the transformation? Before the season started Olin Stephens had said it would be putting together "little things" that might produce a great boat. Certainly no organization strove harder than *Columbia's* to perfect each detail. And the final little thing added was heart—a heart that almost stopped beating two years ago.

At the helm for the start of that decisive race was Cornelius Shields Sr. In 1946 the 63-year-old stockbroker-yachtsman was told he would never be able to race again after an almost-fatal heart attack at the helm of a dinghy. Until this spring Cony

played instructions, but when his son "Glin"—Cornelius Jr.—was selected as part of *Columbia's* crew, he became interested and agreed to act as advisor. Tentatively, he began sailing the 12-motor trial horse *Nereus* in practice sessions, always checking with his doctors. During the later Observation Trials he was lured into the cockpit of *Columbia* in an effort to improve her starts, but still in a physically inactive role. Then, finally, for the opening gun of the Final Trials, *Columbia's* last chance to prove herself, he took the helm, and the boat came alive, his presence—and heart—the synthesizing agent welding all the little things into a magnificent whole. In a very real sense, he is a sportsman risking his life—but with the concurrence of his doctors—for the thing he loves best.

WINNING COMBINATION

At the end of the first windward leg, Cony Shields turned over the helm to Briggs Cunningham. He, too, has profited by the arrangement: after 16 years of concentrating on sports car racing, his timing and reflexes on the starting line had understandably adjusted to an entirely different set of speeds and conditions. With Cony starting and generally relinquishing the helm with clear wind and a lead, Briggs could concentrate solely on making the boat go—he makes

her go magnificently. Rod Stephens summed it up after the Labor Day race: "Now the boys feel we can go out and beat anybody."

Yet—as last Monday's race again proved—it is not quite so simple as that. *Vin* is still fighting, still a superb racing machine, one which takes a lot of beating. On their first encounter of the Final Trials, on Thursday, after the field had narrowed to two and the chips were clearly down, *Columbia* treated *Vin* nearly as badly as she had *Woolerly* the day before. With her wind free at the start, *Columbia* walked out in the fresh sou'wester, looking like the epitome of power as she slid into a short, steep sea, not rising or plunging but driving through, water hissing past her hull in a smoking catamaran. At the windward mark, *Columbia* led by an astonishing one minute 53 seconds, and on each of the remaining three legs—twice to leeward and once more to windward—increased the gap of water between, to emerge victor by four minutes. After the finish, it looked as though the vitalized *Columbia* was invincible and further races would be mere formalities prior to naming her the defender.

The next day, in a slightly lighter breeze, Bus Mosbacher at the helm put *Vin* on *Columbia's* stern a few minutes before the start and, twist and turn as he might, Cony was not able to escape. Brilliantly the younger man in the older boat rode herd on the older man in the newer boat and crossed the line with *Columbia* dead in *Vin's* backwind. Because of the effectiveness of the "wind shadow" cast by the tall rig of the 12, it is almost impossible to break through the cone of disturbed air in a light or moderate breeze. So *Columbia* was in effect shackled to her rival, boxed in, unable to go faster even if she was capable of doing so, like one car behind another on a narrow road.

On Sunday, after Saturday's contest had been called off because of fog, *Columbia* again was decisively getting her wind clear at the start and once more walking out to weather at an astonishing rate. As the spectator fleet streamed back to Newport, there was almost universal agreement that after the meeting of the cup committee, *Columbia* would be formally named the defender. Instead, the only word from *Venustie* was that the morrow's race would be triangular,



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KING-SIZE

BAT BRACKTON, MAINE.

AMERICA'S CUP continued

Surprised few that Harold Vanderbilt had persuaded fellow committee members to give *Vin* another chance, his sentimental attachment to his old boat having long been no secret.

Monday was conceded an "or else" day for *Vin*, and again helmsman and crew rose superbly to the occasion. Before the preparatory signal, Bus Mosbacher once again got on the stern of *Columbia*, and through perfect timing, exquisite touch on the helm and a chess player's application of tactics controlled every movement of both boats. At the start, *Columbia* was in a hopeless position, backwinded, beaten as the gun fired. Her efforts to break through in a prolonged tacking duel furnished the spectator fleet with the most exciting moments of the summer, but *Vin* covered every move.

Still, there is little doubt in the minds of those following the races that *Columbia* can go faster through the water. Glen Stephens, who designed both hulls, predicted she would, and tank tests and competition have demonstrated it conclusively. Yet *Columbia* must have her wind clear to do her stuff, and the tactical genius of Bus Mosbacher has twice prevented that in the past four crucial races. Thus, as predicted before the campaign began, the human element has been the most important factor in the battle of the 12s.

The drama of the struggle for the honor of defending has largely replaced interest in the challenge, yet she is the basic reason for all else. What of *Sceptre*? My opinion remains as it was after sailing aboard her on the Solent in May: she is a real racing machine, with a meticulous and efficient organization, she will be sailed well and hard and quite possibly could be a real threat to our continued possession of the America's Cup.

Any evaluation of *Sceptre* has been difficult because of the curiously hostile press she received in England during early trials against *Kraier*. According to these reports, *Sceptre* was a lemon (21, July 28), but at the end, in the words of Captain John Illingworth, R.N., a Royal Yacht Squadron member acting as observer and advisor, "*Sceptre* was beating *Kraier* regularly, in light as well as heavy air, up wind and down." Of this, little was written. In the competition between the two boats, there grew two groups, the "sceptic" and the

"antiseptic." Both have come to Newport, the sceptic to continue to tune *Sceptre* and the antiseptic to continue crewing a trial horse, this time *Glean*.

Sceptre's program since arriving in Newport has followed the early training pattern of the American boats. Each day, fair or foul, she drops her mooring in Breton Cove and slips discreetly away from the fleet to practice starts and other maneuvers for long hours against *Glean*. Frequently her enormous French Harbut spritsailmaker is to be seen blossoming against the rocky shores of Narragansett Bay. As *Glean* was also used as a trial horse by *Vin*, there naturally arises the question as to how *Sceptre* is doing in comparison. Unfortunately, *Glean's* engine was restarted before the New York Yacht Club cruise, making a considerable difference in her performance. Yet, for what it is worth, no superior in speed has *Sceptre* been that she has experimented with towing "warps, leadens and backlogs," in an effort to equalize the content for practice purposes, and the antiseptics have even "run the engine to keep up."

With her jaunty absorbent and the white design of the Royal Yacht Squadron snapping at her stern as she lies among the fleet, *Sceptre* is, all hands agree, a handsome and purposeful vessel. On the ways at the Newport shipyard *Sceptre* seemed to depart more from American practice below the waterline than above. With her apple bow, short thick fin keel, sharply raked rudder and fairly slack bilges in comparison to the powerful after sections of *Columbia*, there will be tested not only boats but a philosophy of design.

But, as John Illingworth said, "the difference in speed between a good and bad 12-meter yacht is so small there is no way to determine it except by matching them in a race." And in a race, as both *Vin* and *Columbia* had amply proved, heart and genius are needed for even the fastest hull. The *Sceptre* crewmen may or may not have either or both, but no one can deny that they have confidence and determination; their professional captain, Stanley Bishop, brought with him from England a box of proper size and shape to carry "the old man" safely home. Bishop's father was in one of the *Shamrock's*, his grandfather on *Vallgarv*; both failed, but now he and his mates intend to do the job. **END**

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A SHY TARGET ON

A celebrated hunter who goes above the timber line after mountain sheep describes a rocky world where days of climbing and waiting and freezing may reward him with a trophy

by WILLIAM A. FISHER

IN 12 years of hunting the majestic mountain sheep I have never met a man who does not admit to a sense of great excitement when at last he encounters this wild and elusive monarch of America's high fastnesses. In part, it is the adrenergic nature of the hunt—the hours of climbing, waiting, climbing, usually in freezing cold; in part, the awe inspired by the remote wilderness in which he lives; but always, it is the regal, untamed vision of the sheep himself, his head erect with his great, curling horns, his forested plumed on the crest of the world—a vision that can pull a man again and again through hardships inconceivable to anyone who has never experienced such visions.

The most difficult walk I ever made was that on a Rocky Mountain big-horn, from a park train trip out of Tay River Ranch, near Rimini, en route to the headwaters of the Horn River. On arrival at base camp I took one tent and a little food and left the main party. Harold Jamison and I hunted for 13 days of a 15-day hunt. At night, by the light of the campfire, I wrote out each day's happenings in a hunt diary. The following is an account of the last two days of that memorable quest:

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14: Up before daylight. We have only two days left. We start down a new valley and are three miles from our camp when dawn breaks. We leave the horses tied to a scrub timber-line tree and begin climbing a likely-looking peak in a vast black mountain. Halfway up we stop, gasp for 30 minutes,

see two moose below but no sheep. On up we go. Just below the top we flatten to the rock and inch the glasses over, hoping rams are on the other side of the crest. Nothing. After an hour we slide down to the horses and proceed on up the valley. We're rising fast, getting into permanent snow fields. A canyon on the left is big and long. It looks good—plenty of basin pastures just below the rimrock. The going is too rough for horses, so we tie them again and climb. The walls of the canyon are fairly wide and very steep as we ascend. We are within a mile of the crest when we run into a wall of rock across the canyon, a 60-foot wall covered with a sheath of ice.

We can't get up—nearly straight up and down. On the right wall we find a narrow ledge, a possibility. For the first hundred yards it's negotiable with care, a foot and a half wide. Then it thins down to a slick foot with a bulging overhang above and worse drop-off below. No room to crawl. We inch along on our stomachs, my rifle pushed ahead of me. We slither past the overhang and ease out above the rock wall, using handholds to make our way around the last of it, a kind of fat man's terror. We're soaked with sweat in the biting cold. Here is a beautiful little basin, filled with the green smear of grass, at the foot of a small hanging glacier. Very slowly we push up until we can peek over the rim. Three hundred yards away are five rams! I hardly can hold the glasses steady as I check them. Not good! But not bad,

either. There are two small rams, about 28-inch horns, five medium-size. Two large rams with horns that look about 36 inches. They are good rams, creditable, but not trophies.

We watch them and debate in whispers for an hour. We have only one more day to hunt, so we try to make the horns grow. We study formation of skull horns, width of brow, placement of horns, basal thickness, but it's no good. Any time I have to argue with myself I know I should gun them. A trophy head is a trophy the instant you see it. We inch our way back down that breakneck ledge and leave them undisturbed.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15: When I wake, the tent sags ominously over my head with the weight of wind-pushed snow. Real storm under way, first of winter. The temperature has dropped overnight to 10° below zero. Harold and I head back toward the high places in driving snow. I can't see a thing. In an hour we ride out on an elevated plateau. The storm has lessened, visibility improving, but cold is more intense. I get off my horse and make my way to the edge of the bench and look out across the valley. The storm will drive sheep down, just as it's forcing humans out of the country. Ramal Twelve of them! They're across the valley, traveling upon everted arm. They're trying to get out of the wind, blowing against their pale hindquarters as they climb. They go up and over and disappear. We wait, but they don't come back in view.

RESTORATION ON HIGH

There are two peaks here, a thousand yards apart with a steep saddle between. We move down-valley to get a long look up between the peaks. There they are! Bledded down just over the summit below the rimrock. We can't approach direct up the valley. No cover. We decide to go back around and follow the sheep trail up.

HIGH

We climb for an hour with the wind tearing at our backs and finally realize we'll never be able to surprise them, for, as we approach the crest, wind will only our neck over. We decide to drop down and try to go around over the second peak. Rough going in bitter cold. So near they are, and yet so far! We make a wide circle, climb the second peak and inch around its crest. There they are, 1,200 yards away, and we have no way to get closer.

We decide to go back and start over, taking the sheep trail straight up the snow-packed steep slope, climbing very slowly until we get close to the crest. Then we'll race over and hope to get a single shot before the startled sheep are out of range. We climb slowly within 50 yards of the top, then attempt to run the rest of the way up and over. We don't figure on loose new snow. When we hit the cornice, curved over like a generous dip of ice cream on a cone, the whole wind slab gives way.

Down we roll in an avalanche. Dumbly, through whirls of powder snow, I see sheep milling and running. We come to a stop, 75 feet down in the saddle, sitting half buried in snow. The highest procession has already crossed the floor of the canyon and is well started up the other side, traveling fast. The fifth run is definitely a trophy hunt, dark with age. I figure he's about 500 yards. I catch him in the scope as he bounces upward. As I pass his shoulder I squeeze an off. Harold calls out that it hit a foot below his belt. Another deep breath—half out—I catch him in the scope again—raise it a little and touch off another. Down he goes, slides to a stop, hoofs scrambling spasmodically in a last ghost run. We watch the rest of the herd disappear over the opposite rim. I'm so excited I swear the temperature has risen a good 40°.

The head is tremendous but badly
rustained



ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIGHORN

The Rocky Mountain bighorn (*Ovis montanus montanus*), biggest of all North American mountain sheep, ranges now from the chinooks and snags of southwestern Canada through the American Rockies south into Colorado. In its prime a Rocky Mountain ewe will weigh over 150 pounds; the ram, 250 or 300. The meat of the Rocky Mountain is flavorful; it was a favorite fare of miners in the boom days of the West. Its coat, typical of mountain sheep, is hairy, not woolly; the gray-brown of its back and flanks fades somewhat in winter, but through all the seasons it can be recognized by its distinctive pale rump patch. Though it is hunted today both as meat and as a trophy, the Rocky Mountain bighorn does not always yield as perfect looking a trophy head as the more northerly species of mountain sheep, the Dall and Stone sheep pictured on the following page. The head of a bighorn is often marred by fraying or "becoming" of the horn tips—mountain men deliberately grate their horns against rocks to keep the ending tips of the horns from blocking their peripheral vision.



THE DALL SHEEP



THE STONE SHEEP

Scientists today generally recognize 10 subspecies of mountain sheep in North America. Of these 10 the Dall sheep (*Ovis dalli dalli*) and the Stone sheep (*Ovis dalli stonei*) of the more northerly ranges are considered to belong to a species distinct from the bighorns farther south. The Dall sheep ranges from Alaska through the Yukon into northern British Columbia. Of all the mountain sheep, the Dall are perhaps the easiest to spot on the summer range. Their pure white coat may become stained, almost yellow looking, when they are feeding below the snow line in summer, but the Dall still stands out clearly against grassy slopes and shale slides. Offsetting this gleam, however, the Dall inhabits high, rough land and the hunter must make a long-burning effort to get within range. Compared to those of the bighorn, the Dall's horns are less massive, generally wider-spaced, flaring out at the tips.

The Stone sheep (*Ovis dalli stonei*) occupies a northerly range, overlapping the range of the Dall sheep in British Columbia and the southern Yukon. Particularly good concentrations of Stone sheep are found in the isolated reaches of the Chantar Mountains in the Yukon. It is considered to be a subspecies related to the Dall, yet in coloration the Stone more closely resembles the bighorn. The Stone, which is also called the black sheep, is dark gray, at times almost black-black, with a distinctive white rump patch, white nose and white underbelly. The Stone sheep by and large does not match the Herby Mountain bighorn for size; however, the finest record head of any sheep ever taken in North America was that of a Stone killed in British Columbia in 1906. The left horn of this record Stone ram, measuring the outside curve from the base to the tip of the horn, was 41 5/8 inches, the right horn 50 1/8 inches.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP continued

beavered. At least six inches are gone from his tips. But the tape is out in a moment: the horns still measure 39 1/2 inches!

The origin of wild sheep in America is hung with mystery. Experts believe that ancestral sheep originated in Asia, spread northeastward through the sheep country and crossed onto our continent via the prehistoric land bridge thought to have once connected Alaska with Siberia. Certainly it is true that all wild sheep bear a marked resemblance, and an astonishing similarity is fundamental characteristic. Variations are a result of wonderful environmental adjustment that makes them at home all along the western cordillera, from the north coast of Alaska, well beyond the Arctic

Circle to the near-waterless baked hills of northern Mexico. Why an essentially nomigratory animal dispersed so far, from the Eurasian to the North American block, is an enigma.

The first white man in the Western Hemisphere who wrote an account of bighorn was Spanish Explorer Francisco Coronado, who described the great curl-horned animal in a letter dated August 3, 1540. Coronado doubtless saw one of the local variations of the desert bighorn, possibly the Arizona bighorn, on his route up the Sierra Madre in quest of the Seven Cities of Cibola. One of his men described a gigantic horn "six feet long and thick at the base as a man's thigh." That's stretching it a little, but a man's first sight of the sheep is an unsetting experience. The first white hunter was Duncan McGillivray, Northwest Fur Company buyer, who

took his bighorn in 1866 in the Bow River country. More than five centuries earlier Marco Polo traversed Russia's Pamir Plateau and brought back to wondering Venetians the tale of the most exotic of all sheep, Marco Polo's Argali, a massive down-coated sheep with horns reputed to speed to 75 inches. Still earlier, Jason, the son of King Aeson of Iolous, made his epic journey through Greek mythology in the ship Argo in pursuit of the Golden Fleece.

Indiana tall stories of great bands of sheep that numbered into the hundreds, but no man will see that again. Estimates today place the U.S. sheep population (including Alaska) at around 24,000 head. Alaska, the 49th state, may have upward of 30,000. British Columbia tallies its sheep at 5,700, of which 1,500 are California bighorn, the rarest subspecies of



THE DESERT BIGHORN

In the arid mountains of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Texas, southern California, and the Mexican states of Baja California, Sonora and Chihuahua, there are bighorn sheep, which, though markedly smaller and lighter colored, in general resemble the Rocky Mountain bighorn. Scientists now recognize four distinct subspecies of desert bighorn, including the one shown above, *Ovis montanus montanus*, which inhabits the rugged mountains of southern California and northern Baja California. The desert bighorn, or *desimons* as Mexicans call them, yield a smaller trophy head than the Rocky Mountain sheep, a horn of 36 inches being considered good for the desert subspecies, compared to 40 or 42 inches for the Rocky Mountain sheep. The desert sheep have a tenuous hold on survival. While some hunting is occasionally permitted as a quota basis, there are no regular open seasons in the U.S.



THE FANNIN SHEEP

In northern British Columbia and the southern Yukon, notably in the Felly Mountains and the Atlin Lake area, hunters find what they have come to call the Fannin sheep. The Fannin, which once was regarded as a distinct species by some scientists, is now considered to be merely an intergrade between the Dall and the Stone sheep, a product of interbreeding where the ranges of these two subspecies overlap. The Fannin runs about the same size as the Dall and Stone, markedly smaller than the Rocky Mountain bighorn, a Fannin ram weighing about 200 pounds. The Fannin generally has a neat white head with dark markings of the Stone on its back. In certain lights at a distance the Fannin seems to be wearing a saddle blanket. Its saddle markings are sometimes faint, sometimes dark, approaching the black-black color of Stone sheep. The Fannin's face and rump patch are sprinkled with gray.

native sheep, now pretty well confined to British Columbia in the region west of the Fraser River north of Lillooet and in three small bands in Okanagan and Similkameen.

Scientists today separate the mountain sheep native to this continent into two species (*Ovis dalli* and *Ovis montanus*) which are found on geographically separate ranges. The most northerly of these two species, found exclusively in Alaska and Canada, is today further divided into three subspecies, the Dall sheep (*Ovis dalli dalli*), the Kona (*Ovis dalli kyonensis*) and the Stone (*Ovis dalli stonei*). The Dall and the Kona, because of their almost snow-white coats, are also called the white sheep by hunters. The Kona is found on the Kenai Peninsula in southern Alaska. The Dall ranges from the mountainous sections of Alaska, through

the Yukon, eastward almost to the Mackenzie River and south into British Columbia. The Stone sheep, which is also called the black sheep because of its dark gray or blue-black coat, inhabits the south-central Yukon, especially the Cassiar Mountains, ranging south into northern British Columbia. Where the ranges of the Dall and the Stone sheep overlap in the southern Yukon and northern British Columbia, the two species interbreed, the hybrid, with a coat bearing markings somewhat less pronounced than the Stone sheep, is commonly known as the Fannin sheep.

One exotic species of mountain sheep was introduced with modest success into the continental U.S. in 1941, when Joe McKnight brought the tawny, long-haired Barbary sheep of the North African mountains to his game farm in New Mexico. In 1950

the New Mexican Department of Fish and Game successfully established a wild herd of Barbaries in the Canadian River country in the north-east part of the state.

But the most marvelous of American sheep is the Rocky Mountain bighorn, dominant subspecies of the more southerly species of mountain sheep (*Ovis montanus*) that are commonly known as bighorn. The Rocky Mountain sheep is found in limited areas of the glaciated mountains of southeastern British Columbia, in southwestern Alberta and throughout the American Rockies south to Colorado. The best bighorn sheep country, thousands of miles of an unbroken chain, stretches from the American border to the headwaters of the Peace River within a system of Canadian national and provincial

Continued

LICENSES, GUNS AND PERSONAL GEAR

SIX U.S. states, Wyoming, Nevada, Montana, Idaho, Colorado and Arizona, this year are issuing a limited number of permits for taking big game. The hunter who is not lucky enough to get a permit must head further north for his sheep, to Alaska, British Columbia or Alberta.

In Alberta the license for an alien hunter costs \$100, good for one year, entitling the holder to one animal of each species in season. License may be obtained from the Game Commission, Edmonton, Alberta, from almost any Canadian post office or at the port of entry. An export permit must be obtained to remove trophies from the province. There is no extra charge for an export permit. In Alberta, average outfitter charge is \$80 to \$95 per day for one hunter, \$40 per day each for two men. For this fee the outfitter furnishes everything but the hunter's personal gear.

British Columbia licenses an alien hunter for \$28. License may be obtained by forwarding the fee with full name, address, age, weight, color of hair and eyes to the Game Commission, 967 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, British Columbia. License may also be obtained from the Canadian Customs Office at port of entry. In addition to license fee, B.C. trophy fees are required on all big game animals intended for removal from the country. Trophy fee on sheep killed south of the 56th parallel is \$50, north of the 56th parallel \$30. Trophy fees may be paid to any government agent, game protector, or to the Game Commission office in Vancouver, or at the border. Fifty pounds of ammunition may be brought in duty free. Average outfitter price in northern British Columbia is \$90 per day, and an expert hunter the hunter can expect to see other trophies.

In Alaska the average guide charge is \$100 per day, with variations for methods employed and game sought.

The outfitter is under obligation to his hunter to do all in his power to obtain for the hunter a reasonable shot at chosen game. He does not guarantee trophies. He helps you hunt, but he cannot control the vagaries of luck. Like all the rest of us, outfitters come good and bad. I always check closely with Jones Brothers, 1835 Bayshore at East Pine Street, Seattle (anchorage, Alaska branch located at 525 C Street). Jones Brothers has a good line on the dependable outfitters working both the Alaskan and Canadian sheep ranges.

RIFLES, SCOPES, GLASSES

Your rifle is of almost importance. When you travel thousands of miles for a single shot, the best is none too good. I have used many rifles, from the .270 to the .375. Keep in mind three points in trophy hunting. First, distance. Usually 100 to 250 yards is the range, but on occasion a long shot may be all you'll get. A flat trajectory is a must. Second, the bullet must be heavy enough to anchor the animal if the shot is a little off center. Hardly does your shot come under ideal conditions. More often you're winded, shaky with exhaustion, bothered by altitude, balanced precariously. Third, primaries live in the lower range of sheep country. A big bear is a fine trophy—a sheep-hunt bonus.

As to sights, I do not like detachable mounts. A rifle stock must be made either for scope or open sights. It can't do both properly. A scope is my choice. I prefer the Weatherby Imperial variable 8¼X to 18X. At 8¼X it is fine for brush, at 6X to 8X excellent for long range. It is equipped with clear plastic scope covers. I use 180-grain bronze-point bullets. Your rifle should have a sling, as it is carried on the back while climbing, and a rubber recoil pad. There'll be occasions when you prep the butt on rocks.

Don't leave home without fine binoculars. I wear mine around my neck tucked into my shirt front from dawn until dusk. A spotting scope is invaluable. With the spotting scope with 30X eyepiece there is no question. It picks trophy heads out of the band, saving miles of arduous climbing. It'll often change from 30X to 60X if the atmosphere contains no haze or bad weather. The 60X brings sheep right in my lap—can even see him wrinkle his nose.

CLOTHING AND PERSONAL GEAR

For a two weeks' trip in Alberta, British Columbia or Yukon in early fall, take along two suits of Allen-A-Dittus, cotton underwear with air pockets. They don't scratch, are light and easy on you when you're climbing. Wash them out by hand. Don't take any more bulk than you really need. It's that much harder to pack on horses. The top of a Slingsay down suit of underwear makes a warm, lightweight undershirt. Barrens are too bulky for climbing. I pile on the socks—lightweight wool and then a pair of event socks, topped by a pair of heavy Indian socks knit of natural wool, still containing silk. Three pair will do it. Two lightweight flannel cotton shirts, two tan wool shirts, two pair of Levi's, one pair of heavy wool trousers, one tan hat, one wool stocking cap and one lightweight wool jacket are enough. Make sure that the finish of the jacket is rough wool so that it won't scratch sootily against brush while you're stalking. I take three pair of shoes. One pair of Red Wing leather bird choppers, 8-inch height with cushion insole, price \$21.95. These are augmented with a pair of 10-inch rubber boots and a pair of tennis shoes, kept in my saddlebag for rock climbing. Bird choppers suit me fine for most climbing and riding.

Rain gear—cap, jacket, pants—in best made of lightweight oil-silk. Avoid plastic—rips too easily. Add a pair of shoes for riding in back horse—they'll save legs from scratches. Two pair of wool gloves, one pair of leather gloves are necessary.

A light down sleeping bag with waterproof cover is best, as it is both warm and compact. Take American cigarettes and a couple dozen Hershey bars for quick energy.

All this gear I pack in two big surplus parachute bags which work out well on pack horses. Thus I carry only three articles: rifle, two parachute bags. The rifle is in a scabbard with quick-operating snap cover. Without it, twigs, leaves, bark and rain would get on rifle and scope.

FIELD CARE OF TROPHIES

For temporary preservation of rape and head, no special tools are necessary. Any good hunting and skinning knife—even a pocket knife—will do. To remove trophy head, divide skin in a circle around the neck, seal back, including part of shoulder and breast point with plenty of bristol. Cut along the top of the neck, making a Y cut to neck hair. Begin skinning, taking care to remove all fat, avoiding skin punctures. Cut ear close to skull and remove all meat. Leave eyelids and lips. Salt must be applied to all parts to prevent decay. After salting, roll up skin for a few hours, then smooth, stretch and dry. Only the top of the skull is needed as bone for horns. Take care that no wrinkles form in the skin, as decay will start in folds. Blood stains must be washed out of the hair of white sheep with soap and water as quickly as possible, as blood left to dry will stain permanently.

The head should be mounted as quickly as possible. Your outfitter will ship it air express, packed in gunny sack, labeled, at first opportunity.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP continued

park in which hunting is forever denied. And for this I am grateful. The Rocky Mountain is the largest of the bighorns, growing up to 340 pounds. In the high lands of six states of the U.S. Southwest, in the arid, rocky mountain spines of the Mexican states of Baja California, Sonora and Chihuahua, four more subspecies of bighorn, popularly called desert bighorn, scratch out a living; none of them grows as large as the Rocky Mountain, but all are fairly similar to it—and all are uncomfortably close to extinction.

In wild sheep the dedicated trophy hunter's search is for only the wisest old roan, the bearer of tremendous, ridged, weathered horns, the Indians' loam, the one who soon awaits death by wolves or the crippling of old age. Such an animal walks haughtily, aware of his anniversary. He bears that extra inch or two of amber-colored horn that is the trophy hunter's Golden Fleece.

HAIR OF A ROCKY LAND

Sheep country is above the timber line in sections where rock formations of a sedimentary character predominate. Indians will tell you that country of limestone formation produces the largest heads. You learn to lift up your eyes to the high hanging basins facing south into the sun, the little meadows just below rimrock of adjoining peaks, especially those where escapee from glacier ice keeps sweet mountain grasses green throughout summer. Sheep do not live on escapeless dome mountains; they prefer the joined mass of hog-back, the ice-gauged high valley and the shattered peak. They eat grasses of lush alpine pasture, alpine flowers, mountain cranberries, tender leaf foliage and mineral-rich lichens. When snow forces them down in winter, they must browse.

A glimpse of a band of ewes, led by a wise, portly grandmother still young enough to bear offspring annually, sends the smart hunter to the next range. Mature rams form their own stunner colonies on the loftiest, most inaccessible heights of the range. They do not reject the bands of ewes, lambs and immature males until November, when single harem running as high as 40 to 50 ewes are amassed for the mating season.

The guidance and judgment of the

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grandmother leading the one hand are accepted without question. I had often wondered just what such a leader would do if she ran head-on into trouble. One winter I found out. I had joined my friend Mel Rogers of the U.S. Customs Service for a desert sheep hunt in Arizona. We parted at the base of a mountain, Mel starting around when I climbed to the top to glass the surrounding rock mass. Suddenly I heard sheep roiling. I knew Mel was on the far side and figured he had spooked some sheep up the faint, steep path just below me. I slid behind a boulder and waited, right on the sheep trail, marked by the typical arid-scrub scratches of animals traveling single file. In a few minutes three young rams and four mature ewes approached, with the typical grandma in the lead. Sitting absolutely still, I waited until the cautious ewe, picking her way carefully, was within six feet of me and then I stood up. She blinked her great eyes in astonishment, looked back down the trail, and knew she was had. She squatted and wet her pants. It took her a good 10 seconds to gather her wits and lead the band away from me, pell-mell down the mountain.

Habits of ewes and rams vary greatly. Their trails even differ in snow, the ewes' narrow and regular, the rams' jagged and wideopen. Ewes feed almost constantly, with a single sentinel standing above. When the sentry's duty is over, she descends and another takes her place. But their sense of imminent danger is nowhere near as acute as that of males. I have seen larger ewe bands feeding far down near timber-line cover, where the possibility of surprise attack is much greater, with no sentinel on duty at all.

Mature rams live a sedate, well-ordered life. Youngsters join the grown males in the second and third winter of life. The groups vary. Some old rams take only a single adolescent as partner, to help stand watch, while others join groups of from four to 20. The roll call of the band remains constant, members rejecting a stranger's bid for entry. As daylight approaches they rise from their rounded beds on rocky promontories to survey the country, drinking in the cold, moist morning air. After a thorough check in all directions, they work their way down the hogbacks to the nearest



feed. By 10 o'clock they are satisfied and move back up to rest in the sun and digest their food; but as they lie down on the lookout, one or two sleep with an eye open, rising every four or five minutes to check the mountain-side. If an enemy comes in view far, far below, the sentry makes a soft snort and all are on their feet instantly, motionless and watching. If the grizzly, wolf or man continues on out of sight, a conference is held to evaluate possible danger. If the decision is "yes," they go.

The second feeding takes place at 4 p.m. You can almost set a watch by it. One tall my Indian guide, Charlie Jackson, and I were after a trophy Dall sheep we had spotted in a group of rams. We had just put behind us four hours of the most exhausting climbing I have ever known. At the top we crouched under the final crest and lobed our glasses over. There were the rams, eight of them lying 600 yards away on the jagged crest of a knife-edged ridge between two peaks, too far for a good shot, hazardous too great a fall for the big ram even if I could shoot. There was no closer approach. It was 12 noon. I turned to Charlie. Before I could ask, he said, "We wait until 4, then they come this way. All feed is on our side."

VISITOR ON THE RANGE

While we waited, Charlie fell fast asleep in a sheep's bed, a smoothly rounded depression in the meager high-altitude soil. I watched the rams through my glasses. There was no sentinel; they were all sentinels, twisting, turning, looking, rising, lying down in never-ending movement, on constant guard, en masse. No wonder they don't get caught napping! I dozed off, flat on my stomach, the warm midday sun on my back. Suddenly the beat of enormous wings whistling against the air shattered the peace. I jerked up my head. Immediately over us a golden eagle, breaking flaps down, taloned landing gear set in place, was prepared to sink claws into us "dead men." Surprised too late to wear off in flight, he landed between us with an outraged scream. I could have roared him. His curved beak hung open in astonished disappointment while the malevolent yellow eyes glared for a timeless instant before he gathered his raddled wings, launched himself off the crest with a waddling, clumsy, wingspread run

and David



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a taste. Rocky bluffs protect the young one, if he sees his enemy in time. Against the hunter he has his fabulous swiftness, his color blended into his surroundings and his strong springs legs that can carry him where no enemy can follow. He has everything he needs for protection, but no offensive weapon. So he soon learns to make his defense near perfect. He seldom looks up, as no danger comes to him from above. If his life runs a serene course for his expected 13 to 18 years, he will remain in his particular chain of mountain ranges, as his ancestors have done for countless generations before him. He will grow fastidious in his choice of food, clean snow-melt drink, and resting place—a gentleman among animals.

His horns, in his first two or three years, will grow six to nine inches. As the horns of sheep are not cast or shed at any time, each animal carries with him a personal biography. Each year adds a deep wrinkle, evidence of physical well-being. In good years of plentiful food, the wrinkle ring is more widely spaced. As he matures, the rings grow closer together until in his old age they're hard to differentiate. If his head is to be desired by a trophy hunter, he will have to top 40 inches on the outside curl with corresponding miniatures of horns at the base. His horns will form a full curl rising at the tip as high as the level of the eye and over the plane of the nose when viewed from the side. If he is a Rocky Mountain or desert bighorn he will disappoint his hunter by "brooming" the ends of his horns against rock and shale and fraying them in fights with other males. If he is taken by an Indian, his hide will make a coat and his horns form spoons or large ladles. In the old days, the best horns were made from strips of ram's horn overlaid with silver.

Most important to the Indian, the sheep will be appreciated for his fleas, fat sweet meat. Indians broil the whole, skinned-out head on a stick over the campfire, the men taking turns with that most prized tidbit—sheep's eyes. They believe that roasting eating of the eyes confers the power of the sheep's vision on his hunter. (This conviction holds only for men. Let an Indian boy dare to eat sheep's eyes and he is forever blinded.) I have never met anyone who knows game who does not consider the meat of wild sheep the best of all. It has a flavor all its own, not

continued



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A sheep hunt follows a precise pattern of search and ride, search and climb. You need the kind of patience that will hold you perfectly still in a cramped and miserable position on ridge after ridge, for hours of meticulous, square-by-square scouring with binoculars. Every seeming stump, rock, shadow, hump must receive attention not once, but over and over again—for sometimes the rocks get up and walk off! You are pitted against an adversary who has watched you from his spur, if you are careless or unlucky, for hours before you have been able to see him. Added to his eight-power vision is the wit that can interpret your actions at several miles with astonishing accuracy. He must not see the slightest movement before you are in position to shoot. And he must not scent his hunter. At high elevations, uncertain eddies of wind, often going against the prevailing blow, may sweep an alarm to sheep. As these currents flow upward, this is still another reason to get above the quarry. Yet the first impulse of alarmed sheep is to ascend higher on any mountain on which they have encountered danger or across something disquieting. And the higher your ram gets, the more commanding in his vantage point over yours.

The ideal shot enters near the base of the neck, high enough to break the spine and kill instantly, far enough back to avoid damage to cape and head. Not often is there time for such deliberation. Under most conditions the conventional shoulder shot is best choice. Sheep take a lot of killing. A terribly wounded animal, unable to climb, will abandon his fellows in a precipitous downhill flight to cover, where he will die a miserable death. Every effort should be made to kill clean.

Whether you are hunting with rifle or carcano, the best

hunt is the most arduous. Divide that best into two challenges on our continent—the dangerous and the difficult. Bear hunts can be dangerous, but compared to the difficult, such dangerous hunts, in my mind, rate a poor second. And a sheep hunt to me epitomizes the difficult; any other kind of hunt is mere preparation for it. Anyone who hunts sheep now should, for his own pride and the future of game, take only trophies. Let the small-and-middle-sized rams grow and multiply. Watch them and let them alone while you go for the real prize. You'll feel good, and if you succeed, you'll know an emotion that defies description.

I can only say, as a summing up, that anyone who has spent hours and days at the quest and then goes into the mountains with another purpose, often will find his immediate purpose is neglected as he looks up, scanning the ridge lines for the majestic profiles of the sheep. I can remember one hunting trip in 42°-below-zero weather in the Saint Elias range of the Yukon.

I was hunting wolves that day, not sheep, but as I always do when in sheep country I trained my scope from time to time up the high, white, barren foothills in the hope of spot-

ting rams. And when I did, I let the wolves go hang. Taking a rough fix on the crag where I had seen the brief but telltale flick of motion, I plowed my way for two hours up through a hidden traverse approach. But in that vast, upended mass of rock, I lost both my bearings and the sheep; none of the surrounding peaks looked familiar, and, as so often before, I was ready to admit that I had climbed in vain.

Suddenly I heard a sharp cracking noise, breaking sharp and clear as sounds do in the still thin air high on a mountain—a tremendous whack that bounced back and forth among the rocks around me in a staccato of diminishing echoes: the battle sound of fighting rams. Nothing else can make that sound. Shaving snow ahead of me I waded upward, and found a ringside seat from which I witnessed an epic test of strength, an animal Olympics.

A heavy, mature ram with full-curved horns was the defender, standing guard before two ewes. He had carefully herded his women up onto a ledge and turned to meet his challengers, a group of younger rams. One of them was climbing up to the champ now for a short preliminary of knowing and shoving. At some kind of signal, the two turned back to back and walked apart eight lengths. Then, abruptly, they wheeled and charged head on at full speed, forelegs well off the ground at the instant of collision. Again that hollow smash burst out in the still, clear air—a sound that can be heard for miles. At the blow great ripples beginning at the neck waved down the backs of the rams, forcing them to their knees. After a moment's respite they both rose, backed off and crashed horn to horn at all-out speed again.

I saw the champ fight off seven challengers that day, battering them one by one to gogginess. When at last I cautiously backed off and plowed my way down the mountain again, he was still going strong, filled with savage satisfaction, his powerful neck thickened, legs stiff, amber-colored horns held high. The fierce old monarch of the mountain wilderness is probably long since dead; the vision of him will linger in my mind for a long while.

END



THE BARBARY SHEEP

This exotic species, whose native habitat extends across northern Africa and south to French Equatorial Africa, was first introduced on a New Mexico game farm in 1940. In 1950 a second herd of 22 Barbaries was released in the Canadian River area of northeastern New Mexico by the state Fish and Game Department. The scattered herd now numbers over 400, sufficient to permit controlled hunting on a quota basis (only New Mexico residents are currently eligible to apply for a permit). Unlike native sheep, both sexes of Barbary carry large horns. The horns of the Barbary are more loosely curled than those of the bighorn; the male Barbary is distinguished most easily from the native bighorn by the fringe of long, straight hair on the throat and upper forelegs, as shown in the portrait above.

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TEEN MOLE continued

Patterson. He continually fought back under conditions to which an average fighter would have surrendered.

I believe Roy will improve greatly in the next 6 to 8 months from the experience gained and will be a tremendous draw in Texas as well as the rest of the country. However, I think it would be a serious mistake if Roy ever tried to fight Patterson again no matter how much he improved. He's just here to be beaten to be served here in boxing but first in the heart of Texas!

Houston

DICK ARON

FOOTBALL: PROOF POSITIVE

Sir:

One of the questions that I received frequently asked about by football fans is whether Pennsylvania produces the best football players.

This question was even raised in your magazine (*How College Football Is a New Crop*, 52, June 18, '54) when you surveyed the crop of Pennsylvania high school stars who had graduated that spring. To prove your point even further, you followed up (*The Cross Region Is Ripe*, 52, April 1, '55) and reported on their successes for their respective schools the previous fall.

You still did not have concrete proof to answer the question. It still was all theory. And yet when you had a chance to finally clinch your case, you ignored it altogether.

On Saturday, August 9, in Haddonfield, Pa., the crown of the crop of Pennsylvania's high school football stars—the Big 33—met the All-American team across the nation. These All-Americans were the starback players from the East and West squads of the All-American prep game held earlier in Memphis. It was a hard-fought contest that was thrilling to watch, and after the final whistle had blown, our question was answered. The Pennsylvania team victorious by the score of 40-0, proving once and for all that the best scholastic football players in the nation are produced in and by Pennsylvania.

ROMAN KRAMER
LARRY KRAMER

Haddonfield, Pa.

■ But unfortunately, as we said a year ago, they do not play football for Pennsylvania institutions of higher learning. When freshman football practice was called, only 12 of the impressive Big 33 answered the call at Pennsylvania schools. The only state college to get a good share of local talent is rearguard Pitt with five—KID.

FOOTBALL: THE FREE RIDE (CONT.)

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the Don Parker article on Auburn's Red Phillips (*A Free Ride for Big Red*, 51, Aug. 23). Certainly Auburn was well protected in a highly educational piece.

For what it is worth, let me compare his career with that of Penn's Frank

Riopl, also a member of the class of 1938. Riopl was a much-sought-after high school player in South River, N.J. He chose Pennsylvania because his brother-in-law, Doug Reichenbach, played tackle there in the '40s. Riopl majored in statistics, finished just about No. 1 in his class and this fall will return to teach statistics and work toward his master's degree.

Although Coach Sebe wanted to hire Riopl as an assistant coach for this season, Riopl prefers to get on with his teaching and graduate work.

In his first start as a sophomore Riopl ran 108 yards for a TD against Notre Dame on the opening kickoff—something that had never been done before.

In the player inscription in 1936—ably covered by Joel Segre (*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, Aug. 25, '57). Riopl took no part, either pro or con. He liked to play football and wanted to have nothing to do with petty politics.

Like Phillips, Riopl married in his junior year, his wife took a job to help support him.

Riopl had no fancy summer job "dead." He works in the post office at South River and last summer you folks ran a picture of him carrying the mail (Woonsocket, Woonsocket, Aug. 18, '57). He is doing it again this summer.

Last fall Riopl actually saved Sebe his job. As the No. 1 quarterback, he suffered a broken foot in the opening game and missed the next five games. He came back to take over the team in the last three games—three big victories to give Penn the same winning streak now enjoyed by mighty Oklahoma.

This is how a typical Ivy League fits into the picture. Riopl comes from the same modest circumstances that surrounded Phillips.

BOB PAUL

Philadelphia

TEENIE: A TITTLE FOR THE DEAN

By

An interesting situation was highlighted by your E&D item on John Palfrey, the new tennis-playing dean of Columbia College (31, Aug. 25). As one who might be called the college's stellar example that scholarship and sport can mix happily, Dean Palfrey will probably be unhappy to learn that his students, who just last year had 18 tennis courts on which to romp, will soon have none.

Four of them were excavated last spring to make room for a much-needed new building. Five more courts are slated to go within the next year in favor of other additions to the university plant. The one remaining, the tradition-bound court in front of venerable John Jay Hall, has been threatening to go for the past 100 years or so and will likely expire with the next puff of wind.

While we Lions of Columbia College and University realize the importance of academic expansion, it will be hard to suppress the tennis hunger of many of us who side the game as our favorite sport. If Dean Palfrey comes to our aid, he will finally own, as all his elders do, a national tennis title for us that crown him National Champion of Tennis-playing Lions.

RICHARD LEHNT

Yonkers, N.Y.



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Pat on the Back

Carlisle Mitchell



PIERRE S. DU PONT IV

'You seldom see the big picture'

Usung and unmentioned in the summer-long skirmishes among the four 12-meter boats which contended for the privilege of defending the America's Cup, a group of young men did hard labor comparable to the worst in *Two Years Before the Mast*. Sandwiched between the majestic strategy-planners aft and the headail-setters forward, they engaged in everlasting struggle with the "coffee grinders," the massive winches with which a 12's wondrously heavy sails are trimmed. Typical of the winch-pumpers on all the boats is 23-year-old Pete du Pont, aboard the now-eliminated *Weatherly*. Like his colleagues, Pete is an accomplished skipper, with racing

experience that ranges from Long Island Sound to the Baltic Sea and from his father's 64-foot schooner *Harbourside* to his own 12 1/4-foot Herreshoff *Bulls-Eye*. On the *Weatherly*, however, Pete's sporting domain was limited to battling his coffee grinder and judiciously distributing his prone weight. "You get dog-tired grinding gears that feel as though they are made of boiler plate instead of Deerees," says Pete, speaking for all winch-pumpers. "The only time you get the big picture is running downwind with spinnaker set. Then you see the opposition. But it is a terrific thing to have been part of a team as dedicated. I'm the luckiest guy in the world!"



MARK TWAIN ASKS, "LOU, WHICH BARREL ARE WE USING NOW?"

The famous humorist queries the bartender at Elapoth's Tavern in Elmira, New York, about the current supply of his favorite bourbon, Old Crow.



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